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BRITISH SCHOOL OF ENGRAVING.—No. III.

[Continued from p. 16.]

VALENTINE GREEN (engraver in mezzotint), as well as most of the artists already mentioned, was of the early School of English Art, contemporary with Sir Joshua Reynolds, West, Barry, Wilson, and Sandby.

Mezzotinto engraving in the early state of its practice by Smith, Faber and M^c Ardell, was principally confined to portraits; nor was it, till the establishment of the Royal Academy, applied in any extensive way to imaginative or historical subjects. Its ready and expeditious mode of engraving was then adopted, and gave rise to some fine examples after several of Benjamin West's best paintings; such as 'The Departure of Regulus', 'The Landing of Agrippina at Brundusium with the Ashes of Germanicus', and 'The Death of Epaminondas'. These were, among many others, engraved by Valentine Green, whose practice at that period was the most extensive of any who engraved in the same style; and certainly few finer examples have appeared at a more recent period than the above-mentioned subjects. Among the later works of V. Green, we find his print of 'A Youth rescued from the Fury of a Shark', after the painting by Copley; and 'The Child of Sorrow', after R. M. Paye. This last print bears date 1783, and was published by Mr. Green, then living in Newman Street, after his removal from Berner Street, occasioned, we believe, from some embarrassment in his circumstances: in consequence of this he was induced to accept the office of Keeper in the British Institution, prior to which he had been appointed Engraver to His Majesty George the Third, and also to the Elector Palatine. The late Mr. Young, who succeeded him in his office at the British Institution, was one of his most successful pupils; his principal works were after the paintings of the late R. M. Paye; and among the best of these are 'The

Sulky Boy, and its companion ‘The Disaster of the Milk-pail’. He was appointed Mezzotint Engraver to the late King when Prince of Wales.

Valentine Green was in manners and appearance the perfect gentleman ; and his conduct, like that of his eminent and distinguished contemporary Sir Joshua Reynolds, proves that neither rudeness nor eccentricity on the one hand, nor dissipation on the other, are the necessary concomitants of genius, as some persons of limited education and weak understanding are apt to believe.

JOHN RAPHAEL SMITH.—The father of this artist, John Smith, was a native of Derby, where he practised portrait and landscape painting. There are several Views of Dove Dale, the Peak, and other parts of this picturesque county from his pencil, which were engraved by F. Viveres, as were also some Views in the neighbourhood of Rome : from these it would appear that he held no mean rank in his day, which, however, was previous to the establishment of the Royal Academy.

It was the wish of J. Smith to bring up his elder son Thomas to the profession of a painter, and his education was conducted accordingly ; the rudiments of drawing and the principles of the art were taught him by his father : but the bias of his mind or his total want of talent entirely disqualified him from succeeding as a painter ; and all that his father could do, and the little which he attained in art by other means, ended in his becoming a bad miniature-painter, by which and a small patrimony he contrived to eke out a subsistence. He died at Uttoxeter, at somewhat above the middle age. His brother, the subject of these remarks, was placed by his father as an apprentice to a linen-draper in the town of Derby, where it was soon perceived that his talents lay quite another way, and in the end he became a very clever artist, successful as an engraver of mezzotint, and in the latter part of his life an excellent painter in crayons. By what means he escaped from the counter to the copper is not now known ; but he was found in the full exercise of his practice in the year 1778 ; he then resided in Bateman’s Buildings, Soho-square. There are two plates, engraved at that period, which exhibit his powers as well skilled in his profession. One is ‘Edwin’, from The Minstrel of Dr. Beattie, after the original painting by Wright of Derby ; the other, ‘Mercury inventing the Lyre’, after a painting by Barry.

His talents soon developed themselves in a wider range ; and the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds became the objects of his study, and greatly augmented his practice. That great master’s style and breadth of *chiaroscuro* were well understood by J. R. Smith, and gave a character to his works in whatever shape they appeared, whether as drawings or prints.

Between the intervals of his engraving, he made many spirited drawings in black, red, and white chalk on coloured paper, which led to his after-practice of coloured crayons; but at that time his colouring was crude, nor was it till within the last three years of his life that he seemed to feel the power of harmonious colouring and to invest his portraits with that essential quality.

His print, after Sir Joshua, of 'Colonel Tarleton', was deservedly a great favourite, and we believe obtained him the appointment of Engraver to the Prince of Wales: that of 'the Duke of Orleans', after the same master, was a splendid example of talent; and though the political conduct of the original occasioned the portrait's dismission from the collection at Carlton House, all must acknowledge its high excellence as a work of art. Along with his profession as an artist, J. R. Smith became a man of business, that is, a publisher and dealer in prints; and his connexion while residing in King Street Covent Garden was very extensive both at home and abroad. There would have been no difficulty at that period for him to have realized an independent fortune: but Smith was a man of pleasure as well as business, and his habits bordered on the dissipated; his companions were chosen among the gay and the witty, and in some instances approached the profligate. True it is that a well-furnished table, good cheer, and a convivial host, will always draw a numerous acquaintance who are apt to call themselves friends, till the hour of trial comes;—but this observation is trite, and everybody knows it; yet it will continue to be made till the end of time, unless time brings on a wonderful alteration in its course.

Besides his in-door pleasures, Smith had other avocations; such as field sports, pugilism, and the stage; in all of which, if not an adept, he was an excellent judge. He was allowed to be a good shot, and in fishing a very Walton. With these habits and propensities, it is not wonderful that he should never realize property sufficient to keep him free from embarrassment and difficulty in pecuniary matters.

One of his most successful speculations was his Morland Gallery, which was set on foot at a most propitious period, when the works of that artist were in the greatest request; and Smith, who could be all things to all men, was in an especial degree a congenial companion of Morland, whose practice as an artist he knew how to appreciate, and whose eccentricities rather excited his admiration, than disgusted him by their coarseness. Morland, in return for the good opinion thus entertained of himself and his art, never failed to exert his talents to the uttermost when a commission came from his friend and companion, as he considered him; but Smith's understanding was of a higher grade than Morland's.

Throughout the whole of J. R. Smith's practice as an engraver, he had ever been ambitious of exhibiting his talents as a painter; and some of his plates, engraved from his own paintings, show his pretensions to this character in a very fair light, more especially in his whole-length portraits,—among the best of which may be reckoned his portrait of the Rt. Hon. Charles James Fox. This print, we believe, was engraved by his most successful pupil Mr. James Ward, now R. A. and one of our best painters of animals.

The portrait of Mr. Fox is at once simple and dignified; in action easy and natural, and in resemblance perhaps the most perfect that has ever appeared. It was taken during the decline of that great man's life, and exhibits the same unsophisticated appearance in his person that distinguished his mental and straightforward character through life.

If we may judge from the portraits which came under his hand, J. R. Smith's politics must have been of the Whig party. Among them will be found, the whole-length portraits of the Duke of Bedford, Sir Francis Burdett, Lord Milton, Horne Tooke, and others. A very clever example of his talents may also be seen in a whole-length portrait of M. Andreotti, ambassador from the Court of France during the Consulate of Napoleon Bonaparte.

When the foreign print trade fell off, and that at home declined, Smith's practice became exclusively that of portrait painting in crayons. From habit and inclination he became itinerant in his profession, and the chief places he visited were York, Sheffield, and Doncaster.

These erratic excursions were lamented by a friend of his—we believe Mr. Horace Twiss,—in the following

Extempore: On taking leave of Mr. Raphael Smith, before his Departure for the Country, August 1808.

"Bid adieu to the country, sit quietly down,
And paint with us, Raphael, for ever in town :
Fame follow'd you long, and exalted your name,
And now in your turn you are following Fame :—
But you travel in vain, for whatever you do,
Your fame will fly faster than you can pursue."—HORATIUS.

Again, on the facility and excellence of his practice in his crayon portraits, is a similar effusion.

Extempore: On seeing Mr. Raphael Smith paint a Gentleman's Portrait in Crayons.

"I should not be surprised if Jove,
Who through the country loves to rove,—

And doubtless (or I beg his pardon)
Oft beats the rounds of Covent Garden,—
 Should hurl his thunder at thy head,
 And strike the breathless Raphael—dead—
 Avenging thus thy daring plan;
 For out of *dust* hast thou made man *."

Smith piqued himself upon his knowledge of mankind, and frequently won upon their good will by a sort of oblique flattery, which, though it often sounded rough and even abusive, yet conveyed an obvious compliment to the talent or understanding of those it was meant to reach.

The last stage of this artist's life was passed between Sheffield and Doncaster; and some of his last doings were the portraits of Lord Milton, Sir Francis Burdett, and Horne Tooke. These were engraved in London, and sent for his inspection while at Doncaster, in which place, with occasional visits to Sheffield, his life and his practice ended: indeed many in both places will not forget the pleasant hours spent in his company, nor will others the beneficial effects of his advice and recommendations. We need only mention Mr. Chantrey, who at the time of Smith's residence in Yorkshire was but little known out of the town of Sheffield, and there but indifferently, and precariously employed in painting portraits and drawing landscapes in black-lead pencil, in which he displayed great taste and skill; and though he had modeled and afterwards executed a bust in marble of Doctor Wilkinson, (a very popular preacher of that town,) it was not till the stirring influence of J. R. Smith's recommendation that he began to feel the current in his favour; and certainly both with regard to his talent, as well as good sense, no man was ever better qualified to take advantage of that tide which it is said "leads on to fortune."

About this time Mr. Chantrey modeled a bust of J. R. Smith, one of the most striking and characteristic that ever came from the hand of the artist. He is represented in his little silk cap, which he always wore within-doors, and which, from its form and resemblance to one worn by a schoolmaster whose face at the front of his Spelling-book is well known to the public, obtained for him the nick-name of Old Dilworth. The artist in this bust has very happily expressed the infirmity of deafness under which Smith laboured, and, without any exaggeration of feature, has given to the countenance of his model the character of listening with eager curiosity.

* This alludes to the pigment or crayon used in this kind of painting being composed of earths and other dry compounds.

Smith resided three years at Doncaster; and, with an occasional visit to London, Sheffield, and Leeds, was for the most part fully employed at that place, where he found himself in a society much to his mind, and which it may be fairly said did much in correcting the levity of his disposition.

Sportive, jocose, full of anecdote, and with much general information, he conciliated the grave and the gay, and was amusing even to the last. His death was sudden and unexpected. Some friends had spent the evening with him, and were, to use his own familiar term, "turned out" at ten o'clock,—and at eleven were called up, but were spared the pain of witnessing his last struggles,—they were over : a fit of asthma, a complaint under which he had laboured for many years, came suddenly on, and, although medical assistance was promptly obtained, proved fatal.

He died in March 1812, in the sixtieth year of his age, and was buried in Doncaster churchyard, near the grave of Doctor Moysey, who also died at that place while preparing to give a course of lectures on Natural Philosophy. A portrait of this gentleman, along with that of his assistant Mr. Nichol, from which there is a print, was among the last works of J. R. Smith,—of whom his friends and acquaintance have often said, that, take him for all in all, "we could have better spared a better man."

He was certainly possessed of talents in his profession in an eminent degree ; liberal and communicative, he was at once a candid critic and an able adviser. The variety of his information extended to particulars that would have escaped the greater part of mankind, in every subject in which he took an interest ; and he practised to its fullest extent the axiom which says that "whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well." His conversational powers drew about him almost every variety of character ; for there were few whom he was not capable of advising, and fewer still that he could not amuse. But here we must stop—the shades of the picture are so strong and powerful, they would, we fear, mar the colouring, if not spoil the sentiment, of the portrait.

Among the examples in mezzotint engraving, by those whose names and works are better known than their history and character, the following are well deserving of record :

'The Child Samuel', engraved by JOHN DEAN, after the original painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds ; and 'The Four Evangelists', after the originals by Rubens and Jordeans. These prints bear date 1776—7.

'Mrs. Crew', engraved by T. WATSON from an original painting by

Sir Joshua Reynolds. This print, with many others after the same master, resembles in its style of execution the works of J. Dixon, already mentioned as holding the first rank in this mode of engraving.

But of all the examples brought forward in the class of mezzotint, none can surpass that engraved by DUNKARTON, after the painting by Mortimer. The subject is 'Sextus the Son of Pompey inquiring the Fate of the Battle of Pharsalia'. It is beyond all question the finest composition from the pencil of Mortimer; and the engraver has embodied the spirit and effect of the painting without neglecting the detail, which in some parts of the performance are extremely minute, and yet essential to the character to which they belong.

If to these we add the works of Hodges and Doughty, under whatever form they appear, we shall have given most if not all the most eminent in this style of mezzotint engraving.

Having, in our account of the British School of Engraving, brought into view some of the best examples in the different styles of Art, we shall add a few words on that of Mezzotint.

This art was invented, or rather discovered, by Prince Rupert, who seeing a soldier endeavouring to remove the rust which had corroded his firelock, examined the piece; and from what had been scraped off from the ground or corroded part observed the form of a head. After which the process of producing a ground upon copper, and scraping away the lights to any resemblance required, was simple and easy, and afterwards practised with various success.

Mezzotint engraving presents a facility of practice beyond any other style; there is, however, in its general appearance a sameness in its character. Its easy attainment and its prompt manner of execution, compared with other modes of engraving, have occasioned its adoption by many who would not, or who could not, have exercised the laborious and patient toil by which excellence is attained in what is called the legitimate style, or the line manner.

A knowledge of the principles of painting, and a sufficient practice in drawing the figure, will enable any one to become proficient in mezzotint engraving. But there is a counterbalance to these advantages, which will be found in the uncertainty as to the number of impressions this kind of engraving will afford,—some plates failing after fifty or even a less number are printed; from two to three hundred are the most that can be taken off, and then it is often necessary to refresh the ground and restore the lights during the progress of the printing.

Much of this uncertainty with regard to the number of impressions has been obviated by the adoption of steel plates in the room of copper.

This places mezzotint engraving upon a par with that of the line manner on copper.—There are also disadvantages arising from the nature of the ground laid for producing the various tones of colour. Mezzotint, in its greatest depth, wants that transparency which the line engraving is capable of giving, and which has occasioned the French artists to give this kind of engraving the name of the “Black Art.”

We have now brought into view examples in three distinct styles of engraving : there remain others in which the British School is eminently distinguished for its successful efforts ;—and first, Wood Engraving (as it is called), from its improved character and its close resemblance to copper-plate prints.

This kind of engraving was, in the early state of the Arts, practised in Italy, and was executed on blocks similar in size, giving the outline first, then a tint like that of wash, and afterwards the highest light,—though sometimes a coloured paper on which the blocks were printed served for the middle tint. These blocks were executed so as to imitate the drawings of many of the first masters of the Italian School. Those who are acquainted with paper stencilling, or the way in which Manchester cottons are printed, will have the best idea of these wood-prints. Examples of them may be found in port-folios of the collector, or in the possession of the amateur and lover of *verità*. There are two works to which we would refer, imitations of the drawings of the different schools : one by Arthur Pond, who by the aid of etching and aquatint produced similar effects to some of these block-prints. The other was by the late M. C. Metz, and we think still more successful.

In the simple article of wood-cuts, or, as it is now called, wood-engraving, no country has produced examples of higher finish, or more artist-like character, than our own ; of which a reference to ‘Walton’s Angler’, recently published with illustrations and vignettes, will be a sufficient proof ;—many of these examples give the silvery light of the fish with a delicacy in shade and reflection equal to the most laboured engravings on copper. Nor do the powers of imitation end here :—the loose and free character of etching comes within the compass of its practice, as may be seen in ‘Whittingham’s Shakespeare’, the ‘Characters of the Seven Ages’, &c. by Stothard. These have all the freedom of the artist’s pencil, the lightness and delicacy of his line, and the very stamp and pressure of his character, equal, if not superior, to the more laboured and finished works on copper. To these, among others, may be added the illustrations to Mr. Rogers’s ‘Pleasures of Memory’, also from the designs of Stothard. It is on examples such as these, with the free artist-like etchings on copper, that the amateur looks with the greatest

pleasure ;—he is sure of the spirit, and his taste and imagination fill up the rest.

Finish, in the general acceptation of the word, means an extremely laboured work of art. In painting, the minutiae of every part is attended to, at the expense of the effect ; and in engraving, it is to cover the copper throughout, and to give blackness instead of shade ;—thus the public are taught to look for the extremes of black and white, as the height of excellence in an engraved print ; and when to this is added the great number of impressions required by the publisher to remunerate him for the expenses of a highly illustrated work, the engraver is hardly at liberty to exercise either his judgement or his skill, in giving the true character of his prototype. Hence mediocrity, aided by machinery, becomes the bane of Art,—and while it serves the purpose of the publisher, helps to vitiate the public taste.

Examples of Fine Art, where the labour of the burin keeps pace with the character, and in some instances may be said to go beyond the original, whether drawing or painting, are to be met with in some of our Annuals ; but in no work have they appeared to greater advantage than in Mr. Rogers's *Italy*. These illustrations, while they keep up the spirit of the picture, have all the beauty and finish of an antique gem.

It only remains to mention a few examples in what is called the soft ground,—aquatint and prints from drawings on stone.

The soft ground expresses the hand of the artist, as well as his skill, in nearly the same degree as that of drawing on stone ;—the process being to make his drawing immediately on the plate, through the medium of a thin paper, on which every line traced brings away the varnish or soft ground from the copper, leaving the lines free for the action of the aqua fortis. Prints in this way resemble pencil or chalk drawings, possess great freedom and spirit, and are well suited to publications where a moderate number of impressions will suit the views of the publisher. In this style of Art, as well as in aquatint, no examples are to be found of a higher character than in the works of Mr. William Daniell, R.A., where in the latter, his '*Animated Nature*', and '*The Story of Hunchback*', from the Arabian Nights, after the designs of Smirke, are incomparably the best that have appeared in this or any other country. In the soft ground, his own sketches of various subjects and animals of the East, from drawings of his brother, the late Mr. Thomas Daniell, are in the same degree of excellence.

Drawings on stone have been executed by artists of the British School with equal skill to any which have appeared by the hands of those foreigners who first brought the art into this country, where it has estab-

blished itself almost to the exclusion of chalk engraving. It is well suited to landscape, and to free and sketchy drawings of every description. Its application to works of high finish furnish but few examples where the clearness of the stipple or chalk style is preserved; as there is often a sandiness in the work that destroys the effect, more especially in portrait, where the harshness of the style is often exceedingly offensive to the eye of the artist and the amateur.

Looking back upon the early state of the British School of Engraving previous to and after the establishment of the Royal Academy, and at the works of those who have left a name behind them for excellence in that art, we gather, in regard to advance and improvement, that in works upon a small scale, in book-prints and embellishments of that kind, the advantage is on the side of the present day. But in works upon a larger scale it is not equally clear that any improvement has been made beyond those of Woollett, Strange, Ryland, Bartolozzi, and Sharpe.

That there is sufficient capability in the present day no one will doubt; but whether it is pursued upon the same principles which distinguish the best works of the before-mentioned artists, may be questioned. The state of society has undergone considerable change since their time; numbers have been added to the profession,—all eager to live in a style beyond what was thought of formerly. Mechanism has lent its aid to facilitate the progress of engraving, which in the hands of the judicious and skilful may be turned to advantage, but too often becomes merely the means of expediting the work rather than of adding a quality of excellence to the plate. So that if the harvest of Art was not more abundant, the labourers certainly were fewer.

It may also be observed that emulation, at an early period of Art, was more felt and acted upon, than since repeated examples and greater facilities have been given, by which more certain calculations can be made as to its final results.

The talents of the professors of the present, as well as those of times past, have been called into light and stimulated to exertion, from individual speculations, in which the engraver, sometimes on his own account and sometimes on that of a publisher, has met the chances and incurred the expenses incident to bringing a work before the public. While in other countries national works have found employment for and stimulated the exertions of genius, such has seldom been the case with us. But as it often happens the most thriving plant is not always the most fostered, so in Art there is greater independence and vigour of power exercised on that which is of our own choice, than what is proposed in the way of commission, and where the subject may have nothing

either to interest our fancy or to excite our emulation. The speculations of publishers are often at variance with the taste and judgement of the artist; in which case there is none of that *con amore* feeling in the task-work of a commission, which the artist experiences when the subject is of his own choice or creation.

Still it is only from national works, under the guidance of good taste and sound judgement, that any prospect of permanent employment can be looked for by those who are rising in the profession. Why not a British *Admiranda* as well as an *Admiranda Romanorum*? which might embrace every object connected with the Fine Arts,—statues, busts, fragments of antiquity, together with gems, coins, and other works of like interest.

Again: works on natural history, botany, geology, mineralogy, zoology,—all which require engravings to illustrate them,—such works should not be left to the chance speculation of individuals; as they are often too expensive for general purchase, and are shut up in libraries out of the reach of those who might be the most qualified to benefit by them.

But we are getting out of our course, which was simply to give a view of the British School of Engraving; and must leave it to its more able professors to point out the best means by which its interests may be served or promoted. Our object is answered by giving a short familiar history of facts connected with the subject.

BIOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT OF DAVID ALLAN.

DAVID ALLAN, by some called the Scotch Hogarth,—but rather from incidental circumstances than from the original tenour of his pursuits,—was born at Alloa on the 13th of February, 1744; and having shown an early predilection for drawing, was, by the kindness of Mr. Stewart, collector of the Customs at Alloa, recommended to the attention of Mr. Foulis, who kept an academy for painting and engraving at Glasgow; and young Allan was by this gentleman invited to study under him.

It may here be observed, that of those whose pursuits have been followed up from some early predilection or bent of inclination, none are more numerous than the professors of the Fine Arts; and in nearly all will be found the same disposition for scrawling on or cutting out forms on paper, chalking on walls, or indicating in some way or other their early bias for imitation; and this propensity is, in most instances, fostered

by the partiality of parents, or that of some friend or relative in whose eyes the young aspirant appears to exhibit the powers of genius : but for one in whom the germ of real talent is found, a hundred are led to mistake a small degree of inclination for a ruling passion.

Some indeed, propelled by a power for which it is difficult to account, and under circumstances or in situations the least promising, spring up, like the flower in the wilderness, as if "born to blush unseen," till accident or some fortuitous circumstance calls their powers into light, as was the case with Opie and Barry, with Emmerson the mathematician, and others in other walks of life, whose splendid talents have enriched the fields of Science, or adorned the pursuits of Art. It might be some such casualty that brought favour and patronage to the Scotch artist. But no particulars of his early life are mentioned, previous to his finding a friend in Mr. Stewart, who, it has been observed, recommended him to the attention of Mr. Foulis the painter, under whom he studied, and remained with seven years, during which term, if not as an apprentice, he must in some way or other have been employed as well for the advantage of his preceptor as of his own improvement. As engraving was a part of the art taught in the Glasgow Academy, Allan's powers in this way might have been turned to account, as etching and engraving (though in a very moderate degree,) were mixt up with and made a part of his future practice.

On leaving the academy of Mr. Foulis, Allan had the good fortune to find patrons in Lord Cathcart and Mr. Abercrombie, by whom he was sent to Italy, where he remained sixteen years, occupying himself in copying the old masters and otherwise improving his talents. As it is not likely that the term of sixteen years was contemplated by his patrons, the sale of his copies enabled him to extend his stay at Rome, where, it also appears, he painted an original picture, the subject of which was "The Origin of Painting", and for which he obtained the gold medal given by the Academy of St. Luke in 1773. An engraving, after this picture, by Cunego, an engraver of considerable talent, stamps a further value on the merit of the performance. Other subjects from the pencil of Allan show his predilection for the elevated compositions of Art ;—such as "The Prodigal Son", in the possession of his early patron Lord Cathcart ; and his "Hercules and Omphale", in the possession of Mr. Erskine of Mar.

After indulging the bent of his inclination in the classic of Art, his practice took another and a very opposite course. The stirring season of the Carnival afforded an opportunity of turning his attention to the ludicrous ; and accordingly the scenes of this holiday became the subjects

of his pencil, in a series of prints engraved in aquatint by the late Paul Sandby, and published by him in 1781. There is great humour as well as variety of character in these prints : they are accompanied by a printed account descriptive of the different subjects, with some observations by way of introduction, which, as belonging to what may be termed a former period, we shall give.

“ INTRODUCTION.—The Carnival is the most cheerful and brilliant festival of the Romish Church. It begins on Twelfth Day, and from the variety and continuance of entertainments seems intended, by surfeiting all classes of people with dissipation, to prepare them for the rigours of Lent, which immediately succeeds it.—In no city in Europe is the Carnival observed with more show and splendour than at Rome. The magnificence of that city ; the genuine humour, cheerfulness, and good manners of the modern Romans, are brought forward on this occasion, to the amusement of themselves and that of strangers. All distinctions of rank and station, which at other times prevail, are confounded in an instant by the ringing of the great bell of the Capitol, which is the known signal of a general permission to wear the mask in public. This license is not abused ; although all Rome and its environs assemble in the streets, yet no bad manners nor riot ever interrupt the general festivity.—Priests, and the different religious orders are forbid the mask ; and the imitation of the dresses of the Church of Rome is alone forbid. Fancy and imagination seem not to be checked by this order : the variety of masks, and the annual use of them for weeks together, put the entertainments of a masquerade on a scale very different from the masquerade in Protestant countries ; the character of different nations, or of particular districts of Italy, is kept up with humour by groups of masks. The German, as a jolly vintner, or as soldiers with their bottles ; the Neapolitan as Punch and his company eating macaroni ; Bologna as a doctor with his lavativo ; a Bergamo as harlequin. Other parties are composed with more expense and less humour : triumphal cars filled with ladies and gentlemen in elegant dresses ; others assuming all the devices of poetic, or Gothic, or even of the heathen mythology, are conducted in triumph along the streets : entire bands of musicians and players are conducted in the same manner. And in every corner of the streets, different balconies and stages are filled with parties engaged by turns in contributing to the entertainment, and in partaking the mirth of others. A few guards are stationed to preserve order ; but as riot is scarce known to interrupt it, their occupation is chiefly to keep people from being run down by coaches, cars, horses, and asses. At the sound of the evening bell, everybody unmasks and retires to the

playhouse, the tavern, or his home, where the evening closes with cheerfulness; seldom or never with drunkenness and riot.

"The characters or figures represented in the prints are partly dresses of the country, and partly fancy dresses; the Carnival is composed of both: they have been grouped and arranged, but the several views are faithful portraits of different parts of Rome, and all the characters, whether real or fancy, were drawn from nature."

OPENING OF THE CARNIVAL.

"At the sound of the great bell of the Capitol, the maskers come out and assemble in the Corso and about the Obelisk of the Popolo, where scaffolds and seats are erected for those who choose to look on: the view represents the Piazza del Popolo, and the long street called the Corso, and the preparation of the horses for the race; in the middle is a harlequin dancing with a Fraschetana girl, a lady and a gentleman from Nettuno standing by; near the harlequin is a Jewish family, and a Punch joking with the wife; a modern painter in an ancient dress showing the Obelisk to an English lady; behind is a Chevalier di Malta, —a sweetmeat crier;—in the corner, a French grenadier, in the Pope's service—the people are so quiet that he and the drummer have little to do;—a trumpeter on horseback in the skin of a bear.

"On the fore-ground, an improvisatore poet speaking extempore, and accompanied by the calasone instrument, and a dwarf begging;—near the Obelisk are two Italian barbers masked, and imitating a French abbé and his valet; the abbé is spying at the car of music with disdain, as if he had heard much better music at Paris.

"A dignitary of the Church, distinguished by his cross and muff, is frequently seen on these occasions walking among strangers from countries the most hostile to Roman customs and superstition, who resort from all quarters to admire, in perfect security and freedom, the hospitality and the splendour of Rome."

ROMANS POLITE TO STRANGERS.

"The family Ruspoli is not the least distinguished among the Roman nobility for its hospitality: the palace Ruspoli is situated in the Corso, and has a very good view of the horse-race and masquerade from its balconies, and the best places are generally filled with strangers. The Bara Gello, or city marshal, is the officer appointed to give orders for the horse-race; he is represented in this print on horseback, having been sent by the governor of Rome to receive his orders from the strangers in the balcony;—it is a polite attention which the Romans show to illustrious strangers.

"In the corner is a girl in breeches; by her, the demon selling horns; a flower-girl, her dress composed of laurel-leaves sewed together; girl with a book and wand; a Maga or fortune-teller; boy and his dog masked. It is customary for lawyers at this time to mask and exercise their voices and eloquence in Punch's dresses, and, unknown, have an opportunity of disputing with wit and freedom, as here expressed; the man on the ground is a notary with his papers; the man with his gun is a Sbirro, or spy; the one wrapped in his cloak is a Roman tradesman, and others are diverted with the warm dispute; a Punch gallanting a lady, whom a stander-by discovers to be a friar, causes a boy to write the name on his back; the other person begs him not to meddle with the clergy. In the corner, an abbé showing attention to a stranger; car with music, and view of the Obelisk of the Popolo in the distance."

HORSE-RACE AT ROME.

"The horses are so placed and trained that they run off without riders, and the place of running is through the long street called the Corso, which is lined on both sides by coaches and the multitude, who just leave an opening for them to run across the street at the Popolo; a strong rope is stretched about three feet high, at which the horses are held by men who are ready to let them all go at the signal for letting the rope fall suddenly down, and there are small spurs fixed to their backs; each horse has two men, the one to put off the bridle, the other to give a cut with the whip; on the rope falling to the ground they all spring off at once, and run almost as fast as at Newmarket: the mortars are immediately fired to give notice to the people to keep out of their way;—one sees here the natural spirit of the horses, who bite and kick to get soonest to the end of the street, which is half an English mile long, at the end of which they are stopped by a canvas or blanket stretched across the street, which they run against, and are taken by men stationed there for that purpose. In a box on one side is the governor of the race, ordering a servant to carry the embroidered prize to the victor. In the corner is Punch eating macaroni; Spaniard and Frenchman saluting; German drinking; Bolognese doctor offering his services. A fellow with an ass, as a courier, in driving through the crowd, overturns the abbé gallanting a lady, both being in confusion; a gentleman passing by offers to assist the lady, whose mask falling off, the gentleman starts back on finding his own wife in that situation, and one of the Pope's Swiss guards is grinning at the sight; by him an old citizen buying fruit for his son looks narrowly for fear of being cheated; the merchant looks angry to think that he should suspect his honesty;

while they are busy, a thief has a hand in the basket unnoticed. In the middle is an English and a Roman jockey, who tells that horses should not be barbarously forced to run with riders; the Newmarketman is laughing at him, his horse-race, and customs."

VICTOR CONDUCTED IN TRIUMPH.

"This print represents the end of the Corso, where the horses are stopped by running against the canvas; the judge of the race sits at the balcony in the corner.

"The horse that has won is here represented as conducted in triumph by one of the servants of the senator on horseback, preceded with trumpets, and the prize fixed to a pole, being a rich piece of brocade; a Roman constable, or sbirro, is clearing the way; a Neapolitan sbirro, or Michelito with his gun, by him a Venetian sbirro,—the man in the cloak is a Bochinese of the Venetian state; near him is an abbé and maître d'hôtel in conversation; above them on the Palket or scaffold, is a French abbé with his spy-glass;—on one side is the old palace of the Venetian ambassador, the other the Bolognetti palace.

"Formerly the Romans obliged the Jews to run in sacks annually to divert them; the Jews finding it dangerous and tiresome, offered them every year, prizes of embroidery, and horses to run in their stead; this the Romans humanely agreed to, and have continued for some centuries at their expense; and they barbarously took down the noble arch of Trajan, which was in the Corso, to make more room for the horses to run; yet some friend to good taste preserved its bas-relievoes, by placing them on the Arch of Constantine near the Coloseo."

These were followed by others of a similar character, showing the talents of the artist for the comic in art; as, 'The Scotch Wedding', 'The Highland Dance', 'The Repentance Stool', &c. His designs also for 'The Gentle Shepherd' partake in some measure of the same character, on account of which he obtained the title of the Scotch Hogarth; but his claims on such grounds could only be allowed by the partiality of his friends, or the ignorance of those who could not sound the depth of Hogarth's genius, and were unable either to appreciate the excellence of his skill in art, or the wit and point of his graphic satire.

After his sixteen years residence in Italy, Mr. Allan returned to Edinburgh, and was appointed master of the academy established by the trustees for manufacture in Scotland, where his talents as an artist were required to instruct and direct the attention of students (or others whose taste exhibited a turn for drawing,) in the principles and practice of painting,—the trustees of the establishment well knowing how much

the study and knowledge of the Fine Arts assisted in giving a character of superiority to almost everything that comes under the class of manufacture.

A portion of D. Allan's life was passed in London, where he was employed in portrait painting, some examples of which are in the possession of Mr. W. Tassie, of Leicester-fields, nephew to the late Mr. James Tassie, of the same place. These portraits, both in resemblance and execution, are above mediocrity, and may serve as a criterion by which to judge of the talents of the artist in this department of Art.

Mr. Allan was employed by Mr. James Tassie, (of whom we shall give a biographical account in a future Number,) to illustrate his Catalogue of Engraved Gems, by giving plates of some of the most remarkable and curious, in a series of etchings. These plates, quarto size, are fifty-seven in number, and contain from seven to nine examples of engraved gems on each.

These are executed in a loose and free style, and convey nothing more than the form of the subject. It could not have been expected that much of finish would be afforded in so great a number of examples. There is also a frontispiece to this work, designed and etched by D. Allan, bearing date Edinburgh, 1788, at which place this artist died August 6, 1796, in the fifty-third year of his age.

CONNOISSEURSHIP.

THERE is a great deal of nonsense connected with what is called Connoisseurship and the Fine Arts. Names and dates are often considered sufficient passports for works that have no sort of intrinsic merit; and paintings are put forth under false titles, that would disgrace a sign-post,—with violations of light, shade, and colour, which nothing but the grossest ignorance, or the most violent prejudice, would admit as belonging to truth and nature.

By what magic this prejudice has been brought about, and is still continued, it is hardly worth while to inquire; for if discovered and pointed out, it would little avail in producing a reformation. A love for the Art will, as in other cases, beget a partiality for the object, and a blindness to its defects; for defects certainly exist, even in the works of the first masters, where the pictorial license has been carried beyond the bounds of nature or probability; and these defects, under the sanction of style or name, have been handed down and respected as marks

of genius and talent, whereas they are but the bravura of the pencil. But as the bravura of intelligence and talent will have something to captivate, it has been often mistaken for excellence in the perverted imagination of the ardent admirers of the Fine Arts. As men acquire a taste for the unnatural and sophisticated in food,—so in painting a liking is generated for the gloomy and smoke-dried tones which time rather than the artist has given to the work. In pictures of this class the connoisseur finds abundant matter as well as motive for research; and no navigator on a voyage of discovery expresses more ardent joy at finding a bay, inlet, or island, which has escaped his less successful precursor, than the connoisseur does on finding a speck of daylight in the dirt-dried mass of smoke and varnished surface of the newly discovered treasure; which, when found, he calls his friends and his neighbours to rejoice with him: then comes the sponge and the glass in aid of the uncertain form; and curiosity and conjecture is instantly at work, till the half-revealed wonder becomes the very Proteus of art.

From this bias in the connoisseur, and the encouragement given to indistinctness of parts and the sombre in tone, our artists affect the mysterious; and instead of following Nature, with a fair proportion of the pictorial license, are looking out for strange contortions of the human form, and what is called some magical effect of light and shade, in which neither the eye nor the understanding can take a part.

It must appear to all who observe the progress of modern art, and are interested in its improvement, that fashion and connoisseurship are in league to destroy some of its most essential qualities,—truth, colouring, and expression. The last in particular is moulded into the character of sentiment and beauty, whether suitable or otherwise; whatever the subject may be, all must be pretty and (as the fashionable phrase would be,) interesting. In compliance with this foppery, our characters of low degree appear in masquerade; our milk-maids must be gentlewomen at least; our young farmers bucks or dandies,—and so on through the whole class of rustic or common life. Neither Hogarth nor Gainsborough ever thought of sacrificing character and expression at the shrine of beauty;—true to their prototype, they gave the rugged and the ragged, as nature and their habits formed them. In the paintings of Hogarth, we see men and things as they were; there the lady is distinguished from her waiting-woman, the master from his steward, the nobleman from the merchant; in all of which expression is found agreeable to their several characters.

It is sufficient, when the subject will admit, that well-looking features and well-formed figures should occupy the pictorial drama; and

the heroine may be beautiful as you will, but do not let her be insipid. If the picture is to be of the pastoral or rustic cast, do not let the characters appear in masquerade, like the 'Red Riding Hood' by the late Sir Thomas Lawrence. It is principally in our albums and annuals that this requisition for beauty prevails; where, if the painter has not executed his task to the mind of his employer, the engraver must exert his talents to produce beauty, no matter if at the expense of expression or character.

Expression is so essential a quality in Art, that without it the most laboured production is but a mechanical operation; and though its execution should produce a deception on the sight,—wanting expression it is nothing. This is, after all, a great part of the difference between the Dutch and Italian Schools. The masters of the former seem to think they have done all that could be required of them, if they give the exact counterpart of a cut cabbage or a copper stew-pan. They represent a drunken boor, or an old woman paring turnips, to the life; never dreaming that Art is capable of elevating the mind by inspiring lofty ideas beyond the mere "working-day world." The best works of the Italian school are as much superior to these in this respect as are the epics of their Tasso's to the whirl of a knife-grinder; and we need not wonder at the frequently grovelling character of their pictorial representations, when they prove themselves incapable of aspiring to the higher glories of the muse of poetry.

ALLEGORY IN PAINTING.—Allegorical painting, though little in use, and in the opinion of many altogether useless, may nevertheless be considered the epic of art. There is scarcely any other class of art that can properly be said to be original; for, whether the artist paints from the records of the historian or the descriptions of the poet, he does but embody the ideas which their writings convey. His own compositions are for the most part painted from the model or object before him; his taste lies in the arrangement of his figures, groups, and accessories;—but in allegory the thought, as well as the subject, must originate with himself, and the painter may give shape to an aphorism, or embody a sentiment, with no other aid than his own intellectual powers.

As there are few good epics, so there are few allegories in painting that are perfect in their character, or that are not overstrained or difficult to be understood. 'Time rescuing Truth from the Fangs of Envy', by N. Poussin, and 'Apollo consecrating his Lyre to Truth', by B. Picart, are perfect in their kind. The first is of general application, consolatory to the mind labouring under a sense of injustice, or wronged by suspicion. The other is admonitory, and recommends a practice too

little observed in the effusions of poetry, which is often apt to embellish on the one hand, or exaggerate on the other, the virtues or vices of mankind.

Allegory in painting, like epic in writing, is destroyed by the introduction of ordinary or mean accessories, as in the instance of Barry's picture in the Adelphi,—‘The Triumph of Neptune’,—where painted portraits in wigs, or dresses of the times, are given, instead of sculptured medallions with the effigies of his naval heroes; these would have been in keeping with the subject, as well as with the Tritons and Nereids who are bearing them through the waves.

In the picture of ‘The Elysian Fields and Tartarus’, the anachronism is less offensive; for beside that it is skilfully managed, it is necessary to the understanding of the subject and the persons introduced.

AN ARTIST'S SCRAP-BOOK.—No. II.

THE Royal Academy may be considered as the Sun of Art, whence spring light and life; all tributary luminaries rolling around in their varied gradations, each important as a lesser whole on its own axis, yet merging into the monopolizing meridian splendour of the parent orb. It is the axle of the wheel of Art (would that it were of the wheel of Fortune), the various spokes concentrating, to diverge to their separate points of bearing; and, when once set in motion, blending into one imposing whole. It is the light around which, enslaved by the lustre that destroys them, countless flutterers wing their trivial flight, till the overpowering radiance drags them to their doom. Here is a theme for reflection! What hosts of artistic moths have lived their tiny span in the irradiations of the luminaries of art, and sunk beneath their blaze! How many a labourer in the unfruitful vineyard,—an ambitious atom-swelling into significance,—How many an offspring of Apollo, shorn of parental lustre, has been crushed by the gnome influence, the Brobdingnagian weight of an illustrious R.A.! The undoubted belief in the possession of talent wages terrible war against the humble suspicion of it: scarcely has the heaving breast imparted its long-cherished mystery of “*Ed io sono pittore!*” than down comes the threatening anathema, couched in the chilling phrase, “*The proof of such a declaration?*”—Thus, from having been in idea a painter of no ordinary power, the poor aspirant sinks in despair back to the pining ranks of ambitious probationers. The lurking, lingering fondness for the “*Art ingrate*”

that haunts a tyro's brain, when reflected on the adamantine and colossal wall of a dignitary's reputation, recoils from the shock, changed to most gloomy forebodings of the regions beneath the distant horizon ; —yet he clings to the cruel mistress who has disdained his suit, refuses to quit the arena of toil and strife, no longer to labour without progress or profit. Fuseli considered that it was better to deter than to delude ; yet, if the first faint glimmer of the newly-lighted taper is to ensure its extinction ; if a man is to be crushed in the germ of the child ; if a mighty nation is to be denied its rank, having sprung from huts and savages ; if the human mind is to be derided as springing from simple intuition to the altitude of complicated reflection ;—if such be the laws we are to bow to, there remains nothing to hope for but the concentration of all the attributes of perfection ; nothing less to be suffered than the full blaze of untutored genius ; and

“ Hope's bright occupation gone,”

wholesome mediocrity sinks into oblivion—the harmonious arrangement of cause and effect lies an useless and powerless arbitration. Luckily, however, even mandates like our lamented Fuseli's, though emanating from superior intellects, fail to stamp on the world this unnatural impress ; and Nature, relieved from this incubus, allows

“ Each cat to mew, each dog to have his day.”

What the unbounded ocean is to the mariner ; the unexplored wastes of the earth to the enterprising landsman ; the regulated yet inexplicable vault, where science but glimmers as one of its countless orbs, is to the astronomer ; what the human body is to the physician, and the human mind to the metaphysician,—such is Art to its votaries. We know much through rules,—the necessities of one rule creating others ; yet the insufficiency of these aids to attain all, assures us of the paucity of our knowledge. We may be allowed hyperbolically to possess planets, and constellations, and comets—wastes, mountains, and green valleys—banes and antidotes—reflections even in the double sense : we have the tides of theory flowing in, and we have, alas ! the ebbings of practice. Yet is Art confined,—perhaps in mercy to our limited perceptions. It is nevertheless a grand whole, its very homogeneity resulting from its varieties : yet withal, even its slightest terms are ambiguous. The ever-to-be-desired *top of the tree*, for instance,—that incentive to enthusiasm, labour, and ill-health !—even that, the goal of an artist, is a negative situation. It means not any actual place marked out by unerring rules,—a station so palpable that all should perceive it. Alas ! no ; it is not half so defined as we imagine. It is not the top of Art's tree,

but the top of the tree of people's opinions. And pray what does the *people* mean, or the *public*, or the *happy few*? Why, even they form a multitude, boasting of a multitude of opinions. Get to the top of the tree, then, ye ardent disciples of St. Luke!—if that tree has not been watered by the flow of public encouragement or the stream of private patronage, the daring clamberer falls headlong from the decayed supporters of this rotting giant, whose topmost foliage he had thought so beautiful and green, and had contemplated with a hope-fed, anxious bosom. The top of the tree, indeed! Never did Sphynx propound a more enigmatical question! Is it the little tree that shoots and blossoms in an artist's own mind, and binds his devotion,—nay, even his eye-sight, down to his own efforts, and that elicits the snarl at other styles of conception or execution?—say, is it that tree's top ye essay to reach? or is it the nondescript straggler of public opinion, planted in the soil of ignorance, and irrigated by the random spirits of caprice, whose boughs bear triumphantly, or hurl to the ground two similar weights? Is it the slim soaring poplar of artistic praise, that, narrowing towards the Olympus of an artist's hopes, allows of few perchers, and those ill at ease, waving in more than sailor-like uncertainty, the slave of every gust, and certainly not lulled into security by the verdicts of minds extended yet narrowed by the same thing—system? Or, “last, though not least in our dear esteem,” is it the slow perduring oak, that branches over the present into the future, and claims the admiration of posterity? Gentle brother! which of these do you seek to climb? You may boast of your free-will, yet I very much doubt if the shackles of a something very like Fate do not lead us to the identical tree we are best fitted to climb. Notwithstanding our self-wounded exclamations of, “Had it not been for this or that, I should have,” &c. &c.! No doubt! gentle ever self-deceiving hope, ever told a flattering tale. Had it not been for Eve, we had never sinned—so say books; yet

. design whate'er we will,
There is a Fate which overrules us still.

Some say, as some have always said, from Leonardo da Vinci down to * * *,—from politics down to physic, “There is a way of uniting all qualities,—an Utopian scheme of universal huddling,—a commixture of uncongenial properties,—a total disrespect for elementary beauties and composite harmonies,—a scheme concocted by intellects vain enough to grasp at all, yet too weak to master any one thing: in a word, the “juste milieu” of conciliatory spirits, who scorn the mighty and triumphant appeals of Raffaele and Michael Angelo to the tribunal of fu-

turity, because they neither deigned in art to worship both God and Mammon.

Forgive me, ye lovers of unity, if I have rambled a little after the tree of knowledge. My first words were the Royal Academy, and unto it I must return, even unto the first Monday in May (of other years I mean).

The first Monday in May is a sound of such deep import to every one connected with art *de facto* or *de jure*; either to those who dive into its "deep unfathom'd caves" in search of "gems of purest ray serene," or those who merely paddle over the stream of pleasure in the cockle-shell of amateurship,—that to consign it to ignominious oblivion would be an act of injustice to my own feelings as an artist, and to the celebrity of this day of days. Should any gentle reader find himself in such a state of happy ignorance, as to wonder why this particular day should be thus singled out from the remaining three hundred and sixty-four,—like a punster who has uttered an incomprehensible joke, I will endeavour with more than a punster's urbanity to make the point of my wit as clear to every decent understanding as can reasonably be expected. Learn then, that on the first Monday in May the exhibition of the Royal Academy opens its treasures to an anxious, and *of course* enlightened multitude, precisely as the neighbouring clocks have pealed the hour of twelve. Long before the time of admission the doors are besieged by a motley group of standard painters, amateur artists, promising students, solemn critics, and critical connoisseurs. They are all, though not equally, interested in the approaching exhibition,—the fate of many depends upon it,—the vanity of others expects to reap a plentiful crop of layish praise and fulsome panegyric,—some to see themselves as "portraits of ladies or gentlemen,"—some to see "portraits of a favourite horse or poodle,"—some not to see, but to be seen. How many conflicting feelings pervade the condensed throng! What hours of dreadful anxiety are felt by some in a few minutes! Laugh as ye will at sentiment, ye men of iron heads and hearts; gaze but one minute at the little busy, bustling, bubbling world under the colonnade of Somerset-house, and your scepticism will vanish; trace the degrees of feeling with the scrutiny of a philosopher,—from nonchalance to irrepressible curiosity,—from slight interest to intense anxiety,—from the faint ray of hope to the full burst of a heart set at ease: trace all these, and then laugh at sentiment if ye can! The busy hum of expectation, aided by sundry ejaculatory anticipations as to the works of art and their places,—the eagerness of the unknowing,—the calmness of the imperturbables,—the *disinterested* curiosity of connoisseurs,—all com-

bine to render the portico of Somerset-house as pregnant with useful lessons as the Academic porches of old.

Even an inexperienced pathognomist would be able to trace almost to a nicety the different feelings which pervade this mob of cognoscenti. No one could mistake the unconcerned amateur; who might probably be leaning in a most philosophical mood against one of the projecting pillars, with his arms folded, waiting till the wished-for hour shall permit him to enter the sanctum sanctorum of Art. He, fortunate man, little dreams of the state of agitation into which some of his surrounding fellow-creatures are plunged; he has simply to wait the usual time (to *him* a few minutes of bearable ennui), to pay his shilling entrance, and a second for a key to the mysteries; and then, "delightful task!" to stroll through the rooms, admiring where "most it pleaseth," and criticizing with a laudable exactitude. Almost as independent is the established artist, who by his name and talent has commanded a good place for his productions; who has only to toil up to the large room, without ever dreaming of those two condemned cells the Antique Academy or Library; and with a firm step and placid countenance, without any particular elevation or depression of his head, to smile at his own *well-varnished* performances in some of the most prominent situations in the room. Yet in truth it must be confessed, that *even* he, is not exempt from Art's fierce throbs and throes! Perchance though blessed in *situation*, he may be cursed by *contact*,—id est, that after having fondly anticipated the magical effect of a favourite dab or two (forgive the phrase, for 'tis but that,) either of ethereal blue or some delicate carnation, he has the anguish to perceive his dear tit-bit, that he had glazed and scumbled till it became mystery embodied, completely whelmed—consigned to total insignificance—by a detracting neighbour, a bright red curtain, pure and undefined, or a wide expanse of pure cobalt, gleaming through a transparent veil of Antwerp blue, that allows his delicate sobriety of tint to be no longer "a miracle of mind!—To each his lot"

Let us next turn with pity to the poor trembling student, (if, as Hibernia might say, "he has strength left to tremble.") in utter ignorance of his fate—devoured by a thousand sinister anticipations as to the reception of his picture—perhaps his first effort—a beam of the future playing o'er the present, a work that has left its furrow on his pale thoughtful forehead—that has supported him through daily toil and midnight research with a gleam of an honourable perspective. Beauteous gleam! parent of high-wrought aspirations! thou makest life vivid in the sunshine of enthusiasm, and death by thy magic touch be-

comes the herald of a never-dying fame. Oh! if such a heart could be read while this conflict of torturing emotions preys on it,—the sinking of despair when he hears, uttered in a careless tone, even with a laugh—that hundreds have been rejected—perhaps that laugh is his knell!—the palpitating breathless haste with which he devours the slow-drawn words of some prising neighbour, who has heard “that there are some good pictures by *new names*. ” Can his be one of the *new*? Doubt however soon returns to relieve the weight of fancied security The critic may be easily discovered amongst this heterogeneous mass, by the patronizing air with which he deigns to view the crowd of anxious limners: there is a satirical curl in his upper lip, answered by a malevolent twinkling of his peering eyes, at war with Art and all therein. He will probably be in conversation with a brother censor, exchanging winks and shrugs of deepest import—some artist’s reputation the tenour of their discourse, or the cause of some young practitioner being recommended for a *lift*.—The expected hour at length arrives, and a respectable rush carries the crowd into the Hall of the Royal Academy; the shillings are quickly paid, and all but the poor students can wind their weary way up the asthma-causing stairs, and proceed at once to the scene of enjoyment,—whilst they, poor wretches! closely jammed,—for once (O paradox in Art!) supporting each other,—are obliged to sue for their admission tickets and catalogues, and, at the risk of their bones, produce their bone tickets to vouch for their identity.

Let us now ascend (no joke in reality) to the Great Room, the centre of attraction, and join with the eager professors, amateurs, and connoisseurs, who are fully engaged in admiring the productions of others, or modestly pointing out (a necessary operation, perhaps,) the beauties of their own. Here you may perceive a first-rate historical painter, receiving with the utmost diffidence the well-earned congratulations his talented performance so richly deserves, and hinting, with his usual modesty, at the prospect of a series of works worthy of the nation, heedless of the petty taste that flies from high Art to associate with “the dashing imitative.” Near him you will discover two individuals in close conversation, one of whom is expatiating with a chagrined visage, on the fatal situation which, in his humble opinion, has been assigned to his darling picture; while his companion—our former acquaintance, who breathed but to be a *new name*, glancing at the condemned situation, with a deep-drawn sigh seems to say, “Would that my rejected picture were *even there!* ” Behold that young man, receiving with the blush of gratitude the praise of a distinguished artist on his first picture; and then, compare him with that dark and mysterious personage, who

is trying to direct the attention of his friend to his own mediocre performance, by pointing out the surrounding pictures, in hopes of being asked to name the author of his own production. Many a hapless student may be discovered lurking near one of his misdeeds, in order to afford any discerning neighbour an opportunity of discovering his talent for likenesses, in the modest delineation of his own anti-pictorial features as "Portrait of an Artist." One cannot help being amused, in spite of tender compassion, at the expression of many ill-fated brethren of the brush, who, from looking to the tempting *line*, gradually raise their eyes with increasing vexation, till, by straining their neck to its utmost capacity, they behold their unfortunate efforts some two or three inches from the skylight. But let me not dwell on the misfortunes of my dearly beloved brethren;—the time may come, when I shall be obliged to follow this last example, and stretch my own neck out of all reasonable sphere of action, to catch a distant affectionate glimpse of my own ill-fated offspring.

ENGLISH ARCHITECTS, AND THEIR WORKS.

[Continued from p. 45.]

SIR FRANCIS CRANE, who established a manufactory of tapestry at Mortlake in Surrey, and of whom a long account with reference to that art may be seen in Mr. Dallaway's edition of Walpole's *Artists*, is said to have built a house upon a plan which he had procured from Italy. This he erected in Bruern Park, Northamptonshire, an estate which he had received in consideration of money due to him from the Crown. The building, which had two wings connected with the body by corridors, was built between the periods of 1630 to 1636, and was spacious enough to receive a visit from Charles I., his queen and courtiers; it is still extant, and inhabited.

NICHOLAS STONE, the statuary most in vogue during the reign of James I., was born at Woodbury, near Exeter, in 1586; and coming to London, lived for some time with one Isaac James. He then went to Holland, where he worked for Peter de Keyser, whose daughter he married; and returning to England, was employed in making monuments for persons of the first distinction. In 1616 he was sent to Edinburgh to work in the King's Chapel there, but whether as a sculptor or architect no mention is made. In 1619 he was engaged on the build-

ing of the Banqueting-house; and in the beginning of the reign of King Charles he received his patent as master mason, of which the following is the substance, and which at once gives him a place in our lives of Architects : " Know ye, that we do give and graunt unto our trusty and well beloved servant Nicholas Stone, the office and place of our master mason and architect for all our buildings and reparations belonging to our Castle of Windsor, during the term of his natural life ; and further, for the executing the said office, we do give him the wages and fee of 12 pence by the day, in as ample and as large a manner as William Suthis*, or any other person heretofore did enjoy. A.D. 1626, April 20."

The following are the productions of Stone, with the prices which were paid him. 1615, A tomb for the Earl of Ormond, to be set up in Ireland, 400*l.* In the same year a tomb for Sir Thomas Bodeley,—in Oxford, 200*l.* For his work in conjunction with Jansen, of Sutton tomb at the Charterhouse, his share was 200*l.*, including his labour for the little work of Mr. Lawes. In 1616 he did the work in Scotland, in the king's chapel, and for the king's closet and the organ, so much as came to 450*l.* of wainscot work, for which he says he performed, and had his money well payed, and 50*s.* was given *to drink*, whereof he had 20*s.* given him by the king's command. " 1616, I made a bargain with Mr. Chambers for the use of the Right Honourable Luce, Countess of Bedford, for one fair and stately tomb of touchstone and white marble for her father and mother, brother and sister, for the which I was to have 1020*l.*, and my lady was to stand at all charges for carriage and setting up. 1619, A bargain made with Sir Charles Morison of Cashiobury in Harfordshire, for a tomb of touchstone and alabaster onely ; one pieter of white marble for his father and his own, and his sister the Countess of Sesex, as great as the life, of alabaster, for the which I had well payed 260*l.*, and four pieces given me to drink. 1619, I was sent for to the officers of His Majesty's workes to undertake the charge of the place of master mason for the new banqueting-house at Whitehall, wherein I was employed two years, and I had payed me 4*s.* and 10*d.* the day. And in that year I made the dial at St. James's, the King finding stone and workmanship only, and I had for it 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* ; and I took down the fountain at Theobalds, and set it up again, and the fountain at Nonsuch, and I was paid for both 48*l.*" Leaving that part of Stone's memoranda which do not relate to his architectural pursuits, we come to his next elevation, which seems to be in 1622, when he "made a

* William Suthis, master mason of Windsor Castle, citizen and goldsmith of London, is buried at Lambeth, where a tomb was erected for him by his wife. He died October 5, 1625.

tomb for Dr. Donne's wife in St. Clements Danes," for which he had 15 pieces. "In 1620, in Suffolk I made a tomb for Sir Edmund Bacon's lady, and in the same church of Redgrave I made another for his sister lady (Gawdy), and was very well payed for them," &c. "I also made a monument for Mr. Spencer the poet, and set it up at Westminster, for which the Countess of Dorset payed me 40*l.*" "And another there for Mr. Francis Holles, the youngest son of the Earl of Clare, for the which the sayd Earl payed for it 50*l.** My Lord of Clare also agreed with me for a monument for his brother Sir George Holles, the which I made and sett up in the chappell at Westminster, where Sir Francis Vere lyeth buried; for the which I was payed from the hands of the said Earl of Clare 100*l.*.... In 1629 I made a tomb for my Lady Paston of Norfolk, and set it up at Paston, and was very extraordinarily entertained there, and payed for it 340*l.*" "In 1631 I made a tomb for the Right Honourable Lady the Countess of Buckingham, and set it up in Westminster Abbey, and was payed for it 560*l.*" "In 1631 I made a tomb for Dr. Donne, and sett it up in St. Paul's London, for the which I was paid by Dr. Mountford the sum of 120*l.*; I took 60*l.* in plate in part of payment." "In 1634 I made a chemney peece for Sir John Holland, and sett it up at Godnon (Quidnam) in Norfolk, for the which I had 100*l.*" "And in 1632 I made a chemny peece for Mr. Paston, sett up at Oxnett in Norfolke, and for the which I had 80*l.*; and a tomb for my Lady Catherine, his dear wife, 200*l.*, and a little chemny peece in a banqueting house, and one *rance* marbel tabel with a foot, 15*l.*, &c. &c. works of sculpture." "In 1635 I made a tomb for the 2 sons of Sir Thomas Littleton, and set it up in Malden Coll. in Oxford, where the boys were drowned; for the which work I had 40*l.*" "In 1649 I made a tomb for my Lord Carlton Vycount Dorchester, and sett it up at Westminster Abbey, for the which I had 200*l.* and an old monument that stood in the same place, before sett up for his Lady some eight years before." There are various other monuments which Stone executed mentioned in Lord Walpole's work†, the whole receipts of which, as they were cast up by Stone's kinsman Charles Stoakes, amounted to 10,889*l.* Many of these we have mentioned as involving

* As the figure on this monument is of most antique simplicity and beauty, the design was certainly given by the Earl to Stone, who when left to himself had no idea of grace, as appears by the tomb of the Lytteltons at Oxford.

† As persons of curiosity may be glad to know the workmen and the expense of the tombs of their ancestors, I shall here briefly recapitulate the rest.—For Lady Bennett's at York, 35*l.*; Sir Roger Wilbraham's at Hadley, by Barnet, 80*l.*; Sir Thomas Hayes, in Aldermanbury, 100*l.*; Sir Robert Drury, Hasted, by Bury, 140*l.*; Alderman Anguish, at Norwich, 20*l.*; Sir Thomas

in their execution architectural elevations; but to show that he had also a further claim to a niche in this collection, we are informed that in 1629 he undertook to build for the Earl of Holland, at Kensington, two piers of good Portland stone, to hang a pair of great wooden gates, the estimate of the piers (which were designed by Inigo Jones, and are still standing at Holland House, though removed to a greater distance from each other,) was 100*l.* He built the great gate of St. Mary's Church, Oxford,—some say the portal only,—where he has introduced the twisted columns (the original of which is said to have been brought from Jerusalem to Rome,) with the worst effect. He also built the stone gates for the Physic Garden at Oxford, designed by Inigo Jones, for the Earl of Danby, by whom (as by some other persons,) he was employed as an architect. The Earl ordered Stone to design a house for him at Cornbury, and to direct the workmen, for which he was paid 1000*l.* In 1638 he built Tarthall, near Buckingham House, for the Countess of Arundel, and had paid to him at different times, to pay workmen, 634*l.* According to some he built the porch of the church of Stanmore Magna; and he executed many works at Windsor for King Charles, particularly the three cartouches to support the balcony, the star and garter. His works of sculpture we avoid mentioning, as not coming within the plan of our work. Nicholas Stone died in 1647, and was buried in St. Martin's, where, on the north wall within the church, is the following inscription. “To the lasting memory of Nicholas Stone, Esq., master mason to His Majesty; in his lifetime esteemed for his knowledge in

Ewer, at Lynn, 95*l.*; Lady Carey, mother of Lord Danvers, at Stow, Northamptonshire, 220*l.*—this tomb Walpole was assured is admirably performed. Mr. Molesworth, at Croyland, 23*l.*; Mrs. Palmer, at Enfield, 16*l.*; Sir Thomas Cornwallis, groom porter, at Porchester, 18*l.*; Mr. Cornwallis, of Suffolk, 16*l.*; Sir Thomas Monson's father and mother, set up two miles beyond Lincoln. For Sir Edmund Paston, 100*l.*; Sir Charles Morwan and his lady, in the chancel at Watford, 400*l.*; Sir George Copen, at St. Martin's, 40*l.*; Dr. Barker, in New College Oxford, 50*l.*; Lord Knevet, at Stanwell, Middlesex, 215*l.*; Sir Adam Niton (Newton), at Charlton, by Greenwich, 180*l.*; Sir Humphrey Lee, at Acton, Bromwell, 66*l.*; Sir Thomas Palmer, at Winam, Kent, 100*l.*; Sir Thomas Meary, at Walthamstow, 50*l.*; Sir William Stonethouse, at Radley, Oxfordshire, 120*l.*; Sir Richard and Lady Verney, at Compton Verney, 90*l.*; Mr. Cooke and his wife, at Brampton, Suffolk, 130*l.*; Sir Julius Caesar, in St. Helen's, London, 110*l.*; Lord and Lady Spencer, at Althorp, 600*l.*—this was in 1638; Lord Chief Justice Coke, at Tittleshall, 400*l.*; Sir Thomas Puckering, at Warwick, 200*l.*; Judge Hatton, at St. Dunstan's, by Temple Bar, 40*l.*; Sir J. Worsnom, at Stanmore, 200*l.*; and a porch to the new church there, 30*l.*: besides others for very obscure persons, and without specification of place.

sculpture and architecture, which his works in many parts do testify, and though made for others will prove monuments of his fame. He departed this life on the 24th Aug. 1647, aged 61, and lyeth buried near the pulpit in this church." Stone left three sons, two of whom, Henry and John, practised their father's profession as a monumental architect; —namely, a tomb for Lord Ashley at Sunning, in Berkshire, for 7*l.*; another, in 1656, for Sir John Williams, set up in the Temple. There are but fifteen monuments entered in this account, the prices of none of which rise above 100*l.*; consequently the sons, I suppose, never attained the reputation of the father.

BERNARD JANSEN was an architect at the same time that Nicholas Stone was the fashionable sculptor: they were, says Walpole, employed together, as appears by the memoranda of Stone on the tomb of Sutton the founder of the Charterhouse.

Of what country Jansen was does not appear. Among the Harleian MSS. No. 8. Article 15. are articles of agreement between Paul D'Ewes, Esq. and Jan Jansen, stone-cutter, for setting up a tomb in the church of Stowlangtoft, dated June 25, 1624. By both his names it is presumed he was a foreigner, and probably a Fleming, as he was a professed imitator of Dieterling, a famous builder in the Netherlands, who wrote several books on Architecture. Jansen was engaged on many works in this country, among which was the celebrated Audley End or Inn, situate in a fine wooded park, at the distance of about one mile from Saffron Walden in Essex. This is an immense pile of building, erected in 1616; but whether begun or finished at that time is not stated. The whole expense of erecting the house was 190,000*l.*, and is said, with the furniture, to have cost the owner (Thomas Lord Howard de Walden, created Earl of Suffolk 1st James I. when he was Lord High Treasurer of England,) 200,000*l.* sterling. He sold an estate which was valued at 10,000*l.* a-year for the purpose of carrying on and completing these works, in which he was assisted by large contributions from his uncle the Earl of Northampton. The present mansion, though a large and magnificent structure, consists only of a small part of the original building, as it has suffered different curtailments at various times. In its original and perfect state it was justly ranked among the most splendid and capacious mansions of this country; and if not superior, was nearly equal to the palaces of Hampton Court, Nonsuch, and Richmond. At the period of its erection it was a prevailing fashion to build large rather than comfortable houses, and to aim at magnitude in preference to beauty or elegance. The rooms were large, inconvenient, and many of them unpleasant; and to keep the whole in good repair required an im-

mense fortune ; great part was in consequence pulled down, and the materials sold. It is probable that the works at Audley End were executed under the direction and superintendence of the noble proprietor himself. The rooms are large, but some of them not lofty in proportion ; and a gallery of ninety-five yards, which with the chapel and a great council chamber, (each projecting backwards from the ends of the gallery,) have been demolished.—The present chapel was lately, (says Walpole,) fitted up. The screen accompanying the ascent of steps from the hall was designed by Sir John Vanbrugh, and has no relation to the rest of the building. This injudicious architect, (continues Walpole,) too, advised the destruction of the first court, which consisted of noble corridors supported by columns of alabaster, in the room of which he built two ugly brick walls, or screens, and stairs, which cost 1600*l.*, at the south end of the great hall.

The western or grand entrance from Audley End* is ornamented with two uniform projecting porches, each having seventeen marble columns at the angles ; some of these are white, with black bases and capitals : the others are of a dark-veined marble, with white bases and capitals. The balustrade of this and of the house is perforated and variously ornamented, and the summit is adorned with eight turrets and several clustered chimneys : all the windows are large and square-headed, with numerous stone mullions, and many of them project from the rooms. Attached to the west front are two leaden water-spouts, which were probably placed there when the house was in the possession of the Crown, they being inscribed thus :

"I. R. 1686. (for James Rex), and W. M. 1689 (for William and Mary)."

The marble pillars of the chapel were purchased by Lord Onslow. King William bought some suits of tapestry, now at Windsor, for which he gave 4,500*l.* At the east end of the building was a gallery, measuring 226 feet by 32, and 24 in height ; this, with some other apartments, was taken down by the Duchess of Portsmouth in 1749. The drawing-room, called the Fish Room, is a noble chamber,—the ceiling and a deep frieze adorned in stucco with sea monsters and great fishes swimming : all the costly chimney-pieces have been sold. Over that, in the gallery, were the Labours of Hercules, and in the ceiling the Loves of the Gods. Many of the friezes were extant when Walpole wrote, executed in very good taste. Audley End was supposed by some to have been paid for with Spanish gold ;—his countess, who had great sway with her husband the Earl of Suffolk, being notoriously corrupt.

* *Beauties of England and Wales.*

It appears (says Mr. Dallaway,) from Mr. Soane's MS., of John Thorpe, (see his Article,) that he was in some measure associated with Bernard Jansen in the designing of this enormous palace, as both the plans of the quadrangle are given in that singularly curious collection.

A model of the intended building*, according to Mr. Britton, (see his *Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain*, vol. ii. p. 113.) was procured from Italy, which cost 500*l.* Of course plans and working drawings were provided for a surveyor, or clerk of the works; and this clerk might be Bernard Jansen. But if the model of the design was procured from Italy, the plans of the quadrangle given by John Thorpe, and the works at Audley End were, as Britton thinks, (vide his *Beauties of Essex*,) executed under the direction and superintendence of the noble proprietor,—what share of merit in this building is to be given to Bernard Jansen? Britton says, (in his *Beauties of Essex*, 1804,) that at the time of erecting this building it was a common practice to have models of houses instead of architectural plans, elevations, &c. One of these working patterns was made for the temporary palace used by Henry VIII. in the Champ de Drap d'Or in France: a similar kind of model has also been made for a palace intended to have been built at Richmond, which Mr. Gough says was designed by His present Majesty (George III.), and cost 700*l.* This is shown at Hampton Court, with another designed for the late King (George II.).

Mr. Britton, however, from his own statement as above, does not suppose that a model of a building did away the necessity of making working-drawing of the elevation, plan and sections of a building; and these may have been furnished by Jansen and Thorpe, to which the noble builder might suggest what he might deem some alteration or improvement. The reader will find some account of the use the ancients made of working-drawing, by turning to our Introduction to the Lives of Ancient English Architects in this work, vol. i. p. 61.

A correct idea of the ground-plan, elevation, and a bird's-eye view of the whole edifice taken soon after its completion, may be seen in Britton's *Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain*, vol. ii. p. 113; but the best account of Audley End is in the *Beauties of England and Wales*, (Article *Essex*,) by Mr. Britton. We should have said that Walpole has deemed it probable that Jansen might have built the palace for the Duke of Northumberland. See Articles *Christmas* and *Glover*.

[To be continued.]

* Part of the model is still in the possession of Lord Brayroke.

**ESTIMATE OF THE CHARACTER OF THE LATE SIR THOMAS
LAWRENCE.**

[In our review of the Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence by Mr. Williams, having dwelt at some length upon the work of the biographer, we stated our intention of postponing our opinion of the late President until another biography of him, then announced, should appear. Not having any reason to hope for the appearance of this work at any early period, we will at once proceed to give, we trust, an impartial estimate of his character as an artist. Of his character as an individual member of society, we may perhaps take another opportunity of expressing our opinion.]

In the wide range of the history of artists, we are not aware that ever the genius for painting developed itself so early as in Lawrence; for we find that before an ordinary child can well distinguish a pen from a pencil, or one colour from another, Lawrence was already in the field wielding the crayon, and stamping on paper the lineaments of his elders. Coupled with his genius, his intuitive talent was astonishing;—we mean by talent, to separate it from genius:—genius is a feeling, an “impelling fancy,” to use Lawrence’s own words; talent is the power to portray. By the dates in his biography, we perceive that between the age of ten and twelve he copied in crayons several of the master-pieces of the old painters; the ‘Transfiguration’ of Raphael, the ‘Aurora’ of Guido, and several others. These we have seen. The ‘Aurora’ we have looked at with wonder; it is exquisitely copied; and though it has been rubbed and abused by time, its beauties are still great. There is a buoyancy and elasticity in the movements of all the numerous figures, well preserved from the original; and for a child to have perceived these beauties, and acuteness enough to copy them, displays an extraordinary gift of genius never before seen. Young even as he then was, no doubt the grace and voluptuous loveliness of Guido found a congenial sympathy in his poetic mind; for in the soul of Lawrence were centered the elements of the most exquisite and refined poetry of mind and delicacy of taste, enthusiasm, and love of art. But still, extraordinary to say, with all these transcendent attributes, there is a something yet wanting, which his genius never supplied; and this something it will be our office here, after to define. Like all precocious geniuses, the after-career of the man never realized the promised excellence of childhood; for whether as applied to painting, acting, or any other of the multifarious pursuits of life, precocity of talent generally dwindles into insipidity in after years. This is easily accounted for; for, when we reflect, what are the qualities

which constitute the superiority of one man over another? what is the nature of that power by which one man supports his supremacy through the world, by which his works are the object of study to the rest of mankind, which exhaust the talent of ages to understand and elucidate,—but Mind? Mind gives depth and solidity to thought, and the effect of that thought is ever apparent in its accomplishments. Lawrence drew and took likenesses at an age when he knew not why or wherefore he did so: he knew of no rules and principles of the art; he was not aware that the discursive flights of genius require the sobering hand of general rules, which should divest them of incongruities to make them appreciated by the eye of Taste. True it may be said, he was too young to understand all this;—granted. But if, then, he was too young to have been sensible of the necessity of looking to nature and rules of art, as he increased in years he also increased in mannerism, and became incapable of adopting them: we might almost say that he had painted by instinct; and when reason came into operation, found himself too shackled in the manners of his earlier days, to be enabled to disentangle himself from their pernicious effects. The great misfortune of Lawrence was, he painted too soon; his mind, his reasoning faculties, did not keep pace with his intuitive aptitude for handling the crayon; for it is as necessary that reason should guide that, as that it should controul the studies of metaphysicians and philosophers. The genius that is progressive, that which is controuled and aided by thought and the study of known and established laws, will always produce works that court our judgment and admiration in tangible and substantial features. As a genius, then, Lawrence was peculiarly gifted,—we should say to excess; for if there had been more of thought and less of precocity, the more lasting would have been his reputation, and with a better grace should we have classed him with the illustrious masters of the art.

The warmest admirers of Lawrence,—and be it understood we are of that number,—must acknowledge his inferiority to Reynolds, even as a genius. Genius, like every other quality, admits of gradations of beauty and power. Lawrence was a precocious one; Reynolds possessed a latent one, which was progressively developed as nature and the varied scenes of life acted upon his dawning intellect and senses: in short, his genius was based on mind, as his after-career demonstrated; it became stronger as he increased in years, and derived additional benefit from the continual stimulus of refined society;—it was this superiority of mind which united him in such close and honourable bonds of friendship with Burke and Johnson; and it fully verifies the maxim, that there never can be a firm and lasting friendship unless each party is fully impressed

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with respect and admiration for the talents of each other. Where there is an equality of mind, there will be a just veneration ; where it is otherwise, the natural vanity of man will induce the superior one secretly to despise the other. As we have before said, the genius of Reynolds was based on the solid foundation of mind, not displaying itself in any extraordinary manner in childhood ; this was the reason why his juvenile efforts were set down by his father as the proceeds of idleness, and the intuitive performances of Lawrence as wonders. The genius of Opie was precoce, but of a most masculine nature. Unacquainted with the least refinement of mind, the vehemence of his native genius breathes in every touch of his bold and rapid pencil,—clothes the language of his thoughts in strong and vivid expressions. Lawrence,—gifted with a genius refined as it was extraordinary, embodied in a form and countenance beautiful and captivating, caressed by women and flattered by the men,—grew up effeminate in every action and movement of his after-life. Reared, then, in the enervating sunshine of such a Calypsonian throng, what could be otherwise expected than that the amiability of infancy should degenerate into insipid courteousness when arrived at manhood ? But let us be set fair in the eye of the world : these opinions are given from no invidiousness of feeling ; far otherwise :—justice and impartiality, according to the judgment which we have formed from the comparison of his works with those of his contemporaries and predecessors, alone have actuated us. If we are shown to be in error, no one will be more open to conviction. As a genius, he was great for the early development of his powers only ; for as to real excellence in painting, he is out-eclipsed by others whose advance was more gradual ; with whom the genius for art became stronger and more acute as the perceptive organs of the mind expanded, as that mind was impressed with the actions and scenes of nature and life. We now, then, come to his next character as a draughtsman.

Drawing is the essence of the pictorial art ; but in the region of the Fine Arts there have always been three modes of representing objects,—by outline, by colour, and actual form by sculpture. The first has been consecrated by the unanimous opinion of ages as the most elevated and grand ; and to the masters of it, of course, is decreed the possession of the highest genius in art. At the head of this class is Michael Angelo ; every age from his time to the present has ever been ready to award him its homage and veneration. In the school of Michael Angelo England can boast of no master ; the only one approaching to him was Fuseli. Nor have we one to rank with the less severe style of Raphael. The genius of Raphael was the genius for high art ; but it was softened

in the innate loveliness and poetry of his nature. The lines of M. Angelo awe us into reverence; those of Raphael win our affections by their delicacy and feeling. The one represented a race of giants and falling angels, the other the outpourings of maternal love and female loveliness. In his 'Cartoons,' the genius of Raphael approaches to the severity of Michael Angelo. To the Roman school, then, we cannot as yet approximate; but by the standard of high-art, the lower departments of painting have been successfully studied. The Venetian, Florentine, and Dutch schools are those to which our artists can be more justly assimilated. To embody form through the medium of colour, is the range of the ornamental style, and the professors of that style the taste of this country always encourages. As draughtsmen, the masters in this department have always been deficient in correctness; but again, as colourists, the draughtsmen have always failed. The same powerful "impelling fancy" that stimulated Lawrence to painting in crayons, of course acted in the same manner as to his drawing; he found both so easy of accomplishment, that his judgment was obscured as to his faults. This blemish remained with him through life; for it cannot be denied that the man of intellect and mind, who is conscious of a particular defect, will always exert his best endeavours to correct it; but he who inwardly feels his power, gives his genius to unguided play, too idle or too vain to correct, or perhaps by habit has become too accustomed to his error to be enabled to observe them. Thus it was with respect to Reynolds and Lawrence. The genius of Reynolds led him to colour; and deficient as he is in correctness as a draughtsman, there is less slovenliness of execution, both as regards painting and drawing, in his works, than in those of Lawrence's. The drawing of Lawrence is elegant and light, captivating in its contour, and practical in effect; but still it is feeble, it is weak; it breathes the very elements of his mind, gentleness and amiability. The rude but vivid forms and etchings of Rembrandt display a mine of wealth, a poetry of imagination, such as found no similarity in any single touch of Lawrence's. The portraits of Reynolds speak of the mind of the man,—deep, reflective, and vigorous; always soaring to flights of higher excellence, but kept down by the paucity of his genius for high art. But mark the beneficial results; the consequences of such ambition expressed itself in every emanation of his pencil;—this stamps the vigorous mind of the man. Reynolds invested his male portraits with the air and dignity of men,—men ennobled through the expansion of intellect; their features and attitude partake of the solidity and squareness of their sex. In the portraiture of women he is unrivalled; they are women beaming with the modesty and grace of their nature,

disdained of the simpering affectation and air of fashion. Ornaments he discarded, and avoided every adventitious aid. His children are the perfection of simplicity and infantine joyousness; from the 'Jupiter in infancy' to the child of the peasant, nature is stamped in every touch: in this respect he is excelled only by Vandyke. The portraits of Lawrence,—of men, women, and children,—partake of the reigning fashion of the day. His men are courtiers; his women the slaves of fashion, glittering with jewels and meretricious ornaments, inhabitants of the emblazoned drawing-room and exclusive *boudoir*; his children, the heirs of coronets and titles, the tools and pupils of the dancing-master. As to his drawing, then, while admitting that it is elegant, graceful, and pleasing, do we not regret the absence of vigour, richness, and effect? When claiming for him the disputed concession of excellence, can we refrain from comparing the powers of his crayon to the whirlwind vigour of Rubens', the noble and elevated feeling of Vandyke's, the solemn grandeur of Titian's, and the magical depth of Rembrandt's? Drawing without vigorous feeling can be redeemed by no attributes of grace; and of grace there is one, the pure grace of nature, another the grace of art. Can it be disputed as to which of these two has reference to Lawrence? Art is the medium through which to represent Nature; consequently it is not nature but art which must always be subservient. Granting that Reynolds did not mark out the individual bones and features so minutely as Lawrence; yet which of these two artists' representations of nature more closely approaches excellence and truth? Assuredly Reynolds's. The drawing of Lawrence must be judged of only with respect to his small ones in chalk; here he rises superior to Reynolds by the delicacy of handling and minutiæ of lines, but not in grace, elegance, and expression; for it is not lines which give the representation of nature, but colours. Colour is perceptible to the commonest eye, when lines only appear crude and unharmonious. As a draughtsman, Lawrence belongs to the school of elegance, that is, the elegance of artificial life. He ranks with Guido in the theatric air of his line, not in the latter's depth and harmony of colour.

We now, then, come to consider Lawrence in the light of a colourist. In this department of painting he has but slight claim to advance to rank with those who have excelled in this line. We are aware that many individuals will protest that he is a beautiful colourist, superior even to Reynolds! But those who make this declaration, and hold this opinion, are only persons whose tastes have become vitiated by the prevailing predilection of following the example set them by the reigning fashion of the day; who conceive that the painting of a flaming red curtain and raw

blue sky constitutes the very essence and perfection of colouring. But, as we have more than once before observed, there is no term in painting more misunderstood than what is meant by colouring. Colouring in a picture, to look like, and possess the real harmony of nature, should consist of as few colours, and be as little decided in tone, as possible. From this simple knowledge proceeds the excellence of all the greatest colourists, the beauty of Veronese, Titian, and Correggio, Vandyke, Rembrandt, Teniers, and Ostade; our own Reynolds, Hoppner, Romney, and Wilkie. But, on the contrary, Lawrence neither had harmony in the flesh nor in the general colouring of his paintings. His flesh-tints are hard and bony, dry in texture, and have not the soft mellowess of nature; and his faces want roundness; he mistook the breadth of nature, and painted instead the breadth of a flat surface. For his effects he relied not on the harmony of nature, but on the objectionable contrasts of decided whites against deep black, blues against reds. This monstrous jumble and caricature of nature has vitiated the taste of the present day, and nothing will please but red curtains and blue skies: its pernicious effects are visible in the works of every one of the portrait painters of the day, with a few exceptions only. More than one fancies he is creating for himself a high name in art by following this style, and considers himself very nearly if not quite equal to Lawrence, as he copies his affectations and frippery. A second is not content with barely imitating Lawrence, but actually "filches" whole portions of sky, curls, mouths, and twists of the neck. A third thinks himself a Titian, because he paints red curtains, blue skies, and cabbage-like trees, in the style of Lawrence, and naked figures like Etty. While another fancies himself a Watteau, because he paints ladies in staring-coloured gowns and well-dressed heads of hair, which only show his fitness for a man-milliner or a barber.

Lawrence has three distinct styles in his manner of painting: his first, before coming up to London; his second, during the life of Reynolds; his third, when he lapsed into a style between his first and second,—the worst of all the three,—one, in which he painted to his death. When he commenced as portrait painter, he had not received any instruction, was totally unacquainted with works of art, and his own fancy directed his hand, uncurbed in all his practices; coupled with this, his own effeminate tone of mind, the flatteries of misguided parents and friends, tended to generate that insipidity and meretriciousness which never left him. Amiable, gentlemanly, and courteous himself, of course the same contour and air would pervade his portraits; —this was the magic, the magnet which attracted the crowds to pay him

the homage which he received, particularly from the softer sex. Deficient himself in vigour of mind, of stirring, wild, and daring ambition, his eye was content with the faintest flow of line, wanting in every requisite to form a first-rate performance:—elegant and graceful, we regret the absence of vigour; we in vain look for that masterly touch which would make the canvas, as it were, feel the impression of the pencil. Up to the period of his coming to London this was his manner, ~~a~~ style, while it is more likely to attract patronage and superficial applause, leaves the painter minus in reputation when he puts forth his claims to rank with the great masters of the art. The interview which is recorded to have taken place with Sir Joshua Reynolds on Lawrence's arrival in London, is extremely interesting. The career of the old and illustrious President was then nearly at an end; his genius had levelled the barbarous absurdities of his predecessors, and he was about to leave to his country as a legacy the inspirations of his mind, which were for ever after to influence the universe of the arts and manners of society. His fame had been widely spread; his house was the resort of all the talent and genius of the country, of every profession; and in his decline came the future President for instruction, to attend to precepts which came forth with all the solemnity of the oracles of old. To any youth it must have been a feverish, anxious moment, to be scrutinized by so searching an eye; but to Lawrence more particularly so; for in spite of his innate and harmless vanity, he possessed all the sensibility of feeling which characterizes genius. He before had been following his own ideas too much; and when Reynolds pointed out his defects, he found how much he had to unlearn (ever an unfortunate resource), and how much more to imbibe. To the honour of Reynolds be it recorded, that to his death he kept a watchful eye on the progress of Lawrence: and the influence of such a master-spirit can be visibly traced in his style of this period. To his own light and graceful manner he united the solidity, richness, and exquisite breadth of Sir Joshua: he then looked at the future rewards of posterity; he had the Temple of Fame ever before him; he felt himself under the influence of one who shortly would take a high place in that august assembly of departed genius; and to one of like sensibility with Lawrence such ideas must have operated strongly. No painter ever studied nature with such unwearied assiduity as Reynolds; to look in his works for example, and beauties can never be productive of ill. In founding, therefore, his style upon that of Sir Joshua's, Lawrence's own genius was of that nature that prevented his ever becoming a mere imitator, or sinking into a mannerist.

It is not to be supposed that so masterly a style of painting as that of Reynolds,—so totally unlike what had ever been seen in this country,—should not have had its imitators; and of all his numerous followers, Hoppner was certainly the best. Hoppner was a genius, free in his handling, simple in colour, when he had Reynolds in view; but perhaps went beyond his master in failing to define the minutiae of a face. After the death of Sir Joshua he was the only one who preserved his style; and during his life he was a powerful rival and competitor with Lawrence. Reynolds died in 1792, Hoppner in 1810; and during that period of eighteen years, the excellence of Lawrence was prominently displayed; it was the most brilliant course of his life as respects the beauty of his works. However, when he found himself alone in the empire of the Arts, no one to dispute the supremacy of his career,—for indeed after Hoppner there was not any one of genius,—Opie was also gone,—the natural effeminacy and indolence of his disposition broke forth. There was no rival; increased exertion was not requisite; his love for the Art was no doubt as enthusiastic as ever, but competition had ceased; and when that is the case, we are too apt to be satisfied with our own exertions. As in everything else, so it may be justly applied to painting, that competition and severe rivalry are the surest means of exciting the utmost powers of a man. From this period is to be dated his decline; and an examination of his works bearing date after 1810 or 1811, will prove it. Even, however, preceding the death of Hoppner,—for this artist for the last few years of his life was subject to constant illness,—he had lost his vigour of painting, his richness of colour and artist-like manner. Fully to verify our opinion, we beg to call to the remembrance of our readers his portraits of ‘Lord Castlereagh’ and ‘Lady Georgiana Fane’. Lord Castlereagh was a very fine handsome personage, and a statesman to boot, and one of whom Reynolds would have produced a masterpiece; but Lawrence made him a plain gentleman, with a finikin sentimental contour of the body, and no less sentimental expression of features, smirking with self-complacency and ease. Lady Georgiana Fane he represented in short petticoats, leaning against a bank, with a forced expression looking up.

When we saw this painting, we were perfectly amazed that Lawrence could have been so negligent: bad drawing, bad colouring, a disagreeable tone of brown pervading the whole, and a confused, unmeaning background; there is an appendage of a goat or kid drinking close to the feet of the child, which at first sight is difficult to make out. This picture has been engraved in mezzotint, which, in our opinion, is superior to the original.

Again, in his 'Hamlet' his negligence is strongly perceptible: on looking at it at first, it is difficult to trace the form of the retiring leg; and when it is discovered, it is almost transparent, being so slightly painted: the whole picture wants firmness; the countenance, however, is expressive of contemplation.

It would far exceed our limits to go through the whole of his paintings: therefore we shall mention none but for exemplifying our remarks. We must, however, say something of his Waterloo Gallery. The idea for the establishment of this Gallery must be acknowledged as a most kingly act of George IV.; but we do not hesitate to say, that it would have redounded more to the honour and memory of that monarch, if more than one artist had been commissioned in its formation. To throw the whole patronage into the hands of one man, who already was overwhelmed with commissions, when the National Academy of the country possessed other men of talent, was not a worthy act. Favours of which a single artist is the object, carry discouragement to the souls of all his competitors; to make one happy, it makes a hundred miserable. There was one artist at least who was worthy of such a commission—the late John Jackson. Jackson's style was founded on the manner of Reynolds, and his genius was of that high order that invests his pictures with a power and force surpassed only by his great predecessor. But to the Gallery.—In our opinion, Lawrence's best paintings were, 'The Pope and Cardinal', 'Metternich', and 'Earl Bathurst'; and even of these, the last two are decidedly superior. There is a finish and brilliancy about them, peculiarly his own style,—not the brilliancy of Rubens or Vandyke, Rembrandt or Reynolds,—but a glittering brilliancy, more properly termed meretriciousness, but still particularly captivating and pleasing to the general observer. Most people are more likely to be pleased with what is light and engaging, than with a grandeur arising from simplicity of form or principles; because the one appeals to their senses, without any effort on their part necessary to understand it; the other requires that the thinking powers should be exercised. Of 'The Cardinal Gonsalvi', the mouth was out of drawing, being too much on one side; and both in this and 'The Pope' there is a flatness in the face, a want of fulness in the flesh,—which indeed may be generally observed of his painting of flesh; and in all his portraits there is always a forced effect,—namely, that his shadows are too strong and decided for his lights. Thus in 'The Pope', there is a breadth arising from a clear unobstructed light; but such a light would not cause such strong shadows as he has given, especially just under his foot and stool. We are sure we need only refer to his 'Alexander', and 'Duke d'Angoulême', as

examples of his very worst performances, especially to the back-ground of the latter. Where were his mind and correct eye when he did this? He must have been more than ordinarily indolent. Much has been said of his 'Miss Croker'; and while we are ready to acknowledge that it is a light and elegant picture, animated in expression, we must say that it is essentially destitute of every claim to rank with Reynolds or Van-dyke,—that it is decidedly theatrical in effect, and theatrical in style. Can it stand a comparison with those female portraits by Reynolds lately exhibited at the British Institution, particularly the 'Girl sketching'? We make these comparisons from no invidious feeling, from no wish to detract one or exalt the other, but to ascertain how far we can be justified in claiming for Lawrence that high reputation which many are anxious to award him.

The portraits, by Lawrence, of 'George IV.', 'The Emperors', and 'Pope and Cardinal', were very much admired on the Continent,—and no wonder; for his style essentially partakes of the frippery and glitter of the modern Italian and French schools. That of 'George IV.' is especially one mass of glittering tinsel-work; and the flat lightness of the sky is the very perfection of mannerism and unnatural contrasts. In summing up his character as an artist, we must say, that he was deficient in perception and knowledge of the principles, the philosophy of the Art, and corroborate this assertion by the fact, that the worthy Keeper at the Royal Academy, always endeavours to impress on the students the pernicious effects of studying Lawrence rather than Reynolds.

THOUGHTS ON PORTRAIT PAINTING.

PORTRAITURE is the bugbear of the aspirant artist,—the horrid phantom which rises up in his waking dreams, to scare him from the enjoyment of his art. It is the conventional fear, the imaginary lowest depth which his imagination pictures to itself as the degradation of his powers, as subjecting him to a fatal necessity of submitting to an unknown fate when he felt himself warranted in aiming at the highest rank in art. I love to watch genius in all its moods: its very perplexities and difficulties are to me most interesting. The unfeigned horror of bending to the patronage of the vulgar-minded, the positive incapability of submitting to the self-conceit of the ignorant,—all that would offend the generality of mankind,—to me afford the secret gratification which those only can appreciate who have learned to sympathize over the

fates of many deserving better of the world than they were doomed to experience. I cannot, however, sometimes help suspecting, that the disinclination to portraiture which many artists express, arises more from a feeling of self-acknowledged inefficiency than any distaste to the practice itself. "Sir Thomas himself," say they, "never yet gave perfect satisfaction."—And what then? is a young aspirant,—one only just entering on the battle-field of the world,—is he then to expect a different fate from him who gave the labour of a life to the Art, and, though with the greatest, yet after all with but that partial success which must attend all human endeavours? This should be a ground of consolation—not of complaint—when it is considered that the world is enlightened enough to compensate for the dissatisfaction of individuals if unreasonable—and that genius and talent will make themselves acknowledged if really existing, in spite of every untoward circumstance. But to attain this fame, the possessor must not shrink into himself in a vain despondency: he must not sulk in his attic over the blindness and folly of mankind, nor yet sink into the cellar in as vain a forgetfulness of the great debt which he owes to society and himself. He must exert himself manfully to meet every difficulty, and, adapting himself to the ordinances of the world, endeavour to correct them. The greatest masters have been the best portrait painters; and why should a modern follower in their loftier flights disdain that pursuit as a minor one which *they* did not disdain? The portraits of Raphael and Rubens, of Titian and Van-dyke, of Rembrandt and Reynolds, must ever command admiration, equalled only by that which is paid to their greater works. Even in historical subjects, the painter who wishes most to succeed, must follow Nature by the selection of his models; that is, making a picture of portraits. True, he has his selection; and if he have taste and talent, he makes the most of his models, by giving them a general instead of an individual character: but still they must be portraits; and he has only to carry this quality of art into portraiture to make himself, in this line also, worthy of being named with his great prototypes.

Portraiture, it is said, only administers to the vanity of the weak; but it does more—it administers to the best affections of the heart, and gratifies our natural curiosity respecting the great and the wise. What man is there of any pretensions to mind, who appreciates the "words that wise Bacon or brave Raleigh spoke," but would also feel an anxious desire to be made acquainted with the bodily appearances of those master intellects? Every portrait of Queen Elizabeth's time, with a bald crown and a broad forehead and peaked beard, has been rummaged from its obscurity, in the hope of its proving a veritable likeness of

Shakespeare. The very anxiety to multiply such graphic mementos only proves the strong desire which the mind feels for the true specimen which the art has left us. And who can look on it without emotion? I refer to the print in the first edition, praised by Ben Jonson as a true likeness, which, though much "out of drawing," and stiff as a specimen of the early state of art can be, yet bears in itself evident proof of a genuine likeness. For my part, when looking on it for the first time, I could not help rising from my seat with a feeling like awe. The artist, ignorant as he was of art, could not altogether miss him; and it was impossible for him, aye, or even Titian himself, to have given such a representation of such a genius from fancy. There was the piercing eye which penetrated all shades of character; there was the smile upon the lips which told of humour inexhaustible; there was the world of thought in that expanse of brow, and the shaggy torrent of hair behind showed the youthful adventurer,—the deer-stalker,—the link-boy of his day,—the heaven-born genius, whose name alone is a national treasure. Yes, I could swear to the likeness.

I love to look upon a portrait, provided I can make myself believe it is a faithful one. I love to give way to my imagination, and picture a thousand histories in the features which are depicted, without caring to trouble myself about the soundness of the fancies which I gather around me. I recollect, in the Fitzwilliam Collection at Cambridge, I was particularly struck by two portraits of the noble founder. One represented him, as I was then, clad in a student's garb, with the "purple bloom of youth" on his brow; the other represented him "in the sear and yellow leaf" of life, with a bald head, and with scarcely any token left on his features of the joyous youth whose countenance I had before dwelt on. I could scarcely persuade myself it could be the same identical being, though at the two different stages of life; and I began immediately conjuring up all sorts of fancies of the illustrious individual who had the taste to collect and love those treasures of art which were then gratifying my eyes, and the judgment to bequeath them to the University.

I am no believer in the doctrines of physiognomy, simply because I have found its rules fail so often that I have been convinced, against my will, they are not to be depended on. Still I can never resist giving way to my inclination of speculating on the characters of those whose portraits come before my notice. Thus in Lord Fitzwilliam's juvenile portrait, I fancied I saw, with a considerable degree of mild character, a certain fixedness of resolve, which only required the aid of circumstances to lead him on to fame. High feeling and taste might be observed there, but also the latent sparks of a high spirit, which, if it be-

came his birth, was also repressed by it. The other portrait represented him with the same character of more cultivated taste, settled down into the old amateur, who had made his world of his own thoughts and feelings, who had found his society in the treasures of art and literature he had amassed, and whose mind was only occupied by the consideration of the best keeping into which those treasures should be entrusted. Youth and age were never before so brought before my eyes; and if I have since had any *rational* dreams of ambition, if I have made any sound resolves to benefit my species, if I have been led from frivolous pursuits to those which may lead to juster and surer fame, I shall ascribe it in no small degree to that one hour's contemplation.

Lord Byron, in his 4th canto of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, indulged in a strain of reverie upon viewing the tomb of a dame of antiquity. I indulge in reveries, to me no less delightful, in viewing the portraits of more modern beauties. How the ladies of Vandyke burst upon our eyes in the fulness of their charms! What effect there is in the queenly grace which his courtly pencil gave them! How we regard them as beings of another world,—as the subjects of a fanciful mythology, which, although blemished with a thousand traditions, are still the objects of admiration and worship! I have in my portfolio an old print, 'The Daughters of Sir Thomas Frankland, Bart.'—two sisters, in all the happiness of youth and innocence, fondling each other as if they were never destined to know care; and yet there is something so melancholy in their countenances, that I could never look on them without an apprehension of some evil fate attending them. So much was this the case, that I have never had the courage to inquire into their history; they might have sunk into the earth a hundred years ago, or they may still be flourishing in green virginity, or with countless young vines about their table;—I care not,—I do not wish to spoil my reveries by too curious searchings into the realities of life.

Whoever would wish to make me an acceptable present, let him give me a portrait,—not a *beau-ideal* creature of the fancy, but honest nature, a veritable resemblance of flesh and blood. Notwithstanding all the praises lavished upon the work of the painter of old, who took a bevy of the fairest in the state, that he might select from their several features such as to compose his Venus,—I suspect he made, after all, what, to the eye of true taste, would have proved a failure.

"To faultless Nature true, he stole a grace
From every finer form and sweeter face,
And as he sojourn'd in th'Egean Isles,
Wooed all their love, and treasured all their smiles."

But faultless Nature always gives features to harmonize with each other; and I will never believe that the mightiest master of the art could do more wisely than to portray her most faithfully in her most captivating moods.

The great fault of portrait-painters is, that they do not seek to give their works the air of anything more than of mere portraits. Yet, if they look to the works of the great masters, they will find that there is something more than the individual portrayed by their pencils. The 'Jew Merchant' of Rembrandt, in our National Gallery, is but one of a class,—true, an exalted specimen,—but still we feel it is in perfect accordance with Nature. The stern soldier, 'The Defender of the Rock', in the same collection, by our own Reynolds, is no less admirable a specimen of the art: but who can view the 'Govartius' of Vandyke without at once pronouncing that *that* can be no inferior walk of art which can give to a single figure, unaided by the adventitious interest of action, such power as is there effected? I may be right, or not; but I must say that I can seldom listen to the complaints of some artists against the exclusive patronage, as it is termed, given to portraiture in England, without a wish that there was less affectation in their querulousness. The pursuit of portrait-painting does not incapacitate from or prevent the practice of history; and I never can believe that what has enjoyed the talents of the greatest acknowledged masters of the art, should be unworthy the attention of those who are but attempting to obtain the penumbra of their reputation.

I have often wondered why artists have ever exhibited so strong an antipathy to family pieces, or to the introduction of portraits in their paintings of history. Were I fond of being made a model of, I would wish to be handed down to posterity, not so much in my own character, as in that of some worthy whose renown should shelter my insignificance. I suspect, however, that the real cause which occasions the distaste to portraiture is a morbid sensitiveness against criticism; and this is carried into every department of art, for the fear of meeting it, right or wrong. I question, however, whether artists in this are aware of their true interests to themselves. The *best* critics are not generally the *greatest* critics; and the greatest critics are so only to magnify their own importance. Only allow them to think that you acknowledge their power and their extraordinary cleverness, and your name may figure away in their good books as possessing talents—only inferior to their own.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE Annual Collection of the Old Masters is now exhibiting at this Institution, affording altogether a high intellectual treat to the lover of painting as well as the artist. There is not certainly so fine an assemblage of works of the highest class as were here last season, especially by Titian, Vandyke, Rubens, and P. Veronese; there is no Raphael, and but one Claude, which, by the by, is a most perfect specimen. It is in a remarkable state of fine preservation, and the painting and pencilling of the trees in the centre is executed in his best style; indeed, the whole picture is an exquisite gem. Cuyp is the leading star of the exhibition; next Teniers, and Ruysdael. There are seven by the first, and not an inferior one amongst them: all distinguished by that beautiful and correct feeling for nature to be found always in the works of this master. He never indulges in eccentricities either of colour, composition, or forms: he never attempts to delineate scenes and effects beyond what he actually witnessed; hence that perfect air of identity and truth, admirably proved by 47, 'Frost Piece, with Figures skating'. The scene is represented under the effect of a glowing sunny evening, diffusing an air of warmth and exhilaration, counteracting the otherwise cold and chilly scene: the figures introduced, it may be assured, are replete with character to the subject. 58, 'Banks of a River, with Figures and Cattle', is another warm and sunny piece. Where all are so excellent, and all likewise partaking of the same character, it is difficult to point out one as superior to another; and it only remains for the critic to dwell on his different characteristic beauties, the correct drawing of his figures and cattle, their harmonious and chaste colouring, his freedom from mannerism, his masterly freedom and decision of touch.

Of the works of Teniers there are six, generally of a small size, but not one deficient in the peculiar characteristics of his style,—a clearness and transparency of texture in the painting, a gray and silvery tone of colour, with a beautiful sharpness and decision of handling. We think the best specimen of this master here is 61, 'Merry-making'; for although it is but a repetition of the same subject, not only by himself but by almost every other Dutch master, yet such is the air of truth and reality pervading the scene, that we forget the sameness in the beauty of the individual work. The present 'Merry-making' is in remarkably good preservation; the painting of it appears as fresh as if it was painted purposely for this exhibition; the pencilling and handling of the numerous figures is in his best and finest style,—clear and sparkling.

75 and 82 are of equal size,—small; and 82 especially is very beautiful. It may not be generally observed that the locality of all Teniers' scenes is the same: whether in his large or small works,—the same castle and buildings, the broken ground of his landscapes, the public-house,—are all from the same model, as well also as his figures.

Of Ruysdael's works there are six. 38, 'View of a Dutch Town', is an extraordinary work. The view is taken from an eminence, and the whole town is spread before the eye, intersected in the centre by a long canal. It is represented under a windy and hazy effect, with a magical stream of sunshine cutting across the picture. 62. is called 'Ruysdael's Arch', from the circumstance, we presume, of his fondness for depicting that object. This, and 86, 'A Water-mill', are beautiful examples of this most natural landscape painter; that is, landscape unadorned by trickery and style. 155, 'Landscape, with a Fall of Water', is perfect; it is one of those quiet rustic scenes, such as Gainsborough would have delighted in portraying. Of the six Vandykes there are only two which we can look at with pleasure as finished works. 46, 'Marchesa Spinola', painted at Genoa; and 175, 'A Man's Portrait'. 46 is one of those splendid female full-lengths which none but the genius of a Vandyke could execute. As to 1, 'Charles the First and Attendants', we feel convinced that Vandyke never had a hand in its painting; it is a libel on that illustrious painter. 89, 'Nativity, a Sketch', is a rich Rubenesque subject, treated however with more refinement of feeling than is usually characteristic of Rubens. Of works by the latter there are only two. 12, 'The Horrors of War', from the Balbi Palace, Genoa; and 151, 'St. Martin dividing his Garments'. It would be difficult to point out a more rich and exuberant specimen of this master than the picture 12. It is of small size, but a wonderful painting; besides being rich to the utmost in its colouring, the knowledge of composition, the manner in which one figure is united to another—is past all description: it may be considered as the least faulty and objectionable of his works we have witnessed. 151 is also a very fine work, considered as a composition, but is deficient in sweetness of colour and brilliancy. It is only in his smaller paintings that the power of Rubens' genius can be properly estimated, as these he himself generally executed, and from them the larger ones which he retouched were copied. There are no less than ten by Titian, many of which might as well have not been exhibited. Titian is a painter of whom most have formed a very high opinion; as such, therefore, they must naturally experience great disappointment when inferior works are presented to their view. 23, "Head of a Child"; and 138, 'Cupid', are

the best in the collection. The 'Head of a Child', especially, is exquisite for colour and drawing; and the 'Cupid' also is very beautiful. The little god is represented sporting on the back of a tiger, which is painted of so low and deep, yet rich tones, that at first it is scarcely to be distinguished from the ground. The back-ground is finely composed, and the whole picture rich and in beautiful preservation, untouched by the despoiling hands of a cleaner. The same, however, cannot be said of 166, 'A Magdalen', which *might* have been a Titian, but certainly there is only a touch here and there left that betrays its originality. 113, 'Henry Howard Earl of Surrey', cannot be accounted one of his finest, yet there is a solemnity and depth and high aristocratic bearing, that fixes the attention of the spectator. 8, 'The Emperor Claudius' is a fine painting of a crafty and libidinous countenance.

135, 'The Nativity', by P. Veronese, is a fine cabinet painting, and not a bad specimen of a master of the Venetian school; it is powerful in expression, and deep in colour. The arrangement of the different forms bears evidence of the great care and attention which the great masters paid to the study of composition. '107, 'Man's Head', by Rembrandt, is a small painting, and very beautiful; very carefully drawn, and painted with lightness and freedom. 48 is another 'Man's Head' by this magician of light and shade. It is of life size, and the whole picture just large enough to show the hands. It may be accounted a miraculous painting; for never was nature and life so truly and beautifully embodied on canvass. It is a head full of character in its expressions, and partakes much of the vigour and power of the 'Gover-tius', to which it is inferior only in refinement of drawing. We certainly never recollect to have seen so fine a Rembrandt. On viewing this picture the recollection of all other works is lost, and we are rapt in ecstasy with its beauties. It merits the deep and serious reflection of all students in painting; for here is nothing concealed beneath the trickery and meretriciousness of a vitiated taste; here is no false opposition of colours, of reds and blues, which is too predominant a mania with our modern artists; and as a finale, from this picture they ought to cherish the axiom, that the only source of brilliancy in colouring and truth to nature, is to use as few and as simple colours, and to break and mix them with one another as little, as possible. Of the colouring of this extraordinary picture, it is in Rembrandt's finest style and time: the tints of the flesh, the moisture and sparkling brilliancy of the eyes, are as glowing and fresh as life itself. 44, 'Lucretia', is another marvellous production. Although it certainly does not portray the fine

classical features and beauties of a Roman countenance, yet such is the power and truth of its expression, that its being but a Flemish female does not interfere with our sympathizing with the unfortunate Lucretia, who is here represented just in the act of plunging into her bosom the fatal poignard. If objections arise to the truth of the countenance, the same may also be said of the dress, for *certe* it is anything but classical;—but these are trifles; and it only serves to show the power of the painter, who even when committing the most revolting incongruities, still manages to delight. Unfortunately, the face part of this painting has been in the hands of cleaners, who have left indelible evidence of their destroying powers: the colouring of that part is totally gone, the glazing having been obliterated, and nearly the whole of it has been retouched! Monstrous profanation!

[To be continued.]

GUISE COLLECTION OF PAINTINGS AT OXFORD.

THE Guise Collection of Pictures was bequeathed to the foundation of Christ Church, Oxford, by General Guise, who died in 1765. It consists of more than 250 paintings, besides a collection of prints and drawings not inferior, and was formed during a long residence on the Continent, and especially at Rome. His Portrait in the character of a Roman General, painted by Gavin Hamilton at Rome a few years only before his death, is now at Sir W. Guise's, at Highnam Court, near Gloucester. This portrait was sent from Christ Church, somewhat as a peace-offering to General Guise's near relative, Sir John Guise, with a Madonna, as another of the family. The relatives were much disappointed at the bequest, the Collection having been valued by the General at 25,000*l.* and esteemed by himself and his friends equal to any at that time in England. Indeed the admiration of his pictures was the most palatable mode of flattery which could be offered him. Some critics were bold enough to maintain that the greater number were copies, or at least repetitions; yet no one denied that there were many genuine works, and those of considerable excellence.

: Upon obtaining possession of them, the College fitted up a suite of rooms under the great library. Some years after, certain connoisseurs of the College who had the care of them, decided that they all wanted cleaning, and in an evil hour they employed a German picture restorer,

commonly known as 'Old Bonus', to undertake this perilous job. The effect was a manifest and scarcely recoverable injury to many of the pictures, as the better informed had prognosticated would inevitably happen. He profusely applied strong spirit varnishes, macquilp, and actual bodily scrubbing without remorse. This circumstance having been generally known, the public voice was turned to disparagement instead of former fame; yet with no small injustice as to the Collection in general. If we select the great Caracci picture, the representation of the Family; the 'Medusa', by Rubens; the 'Erichthonius' of Salvator Rosa; the 'Dying Magdalen' and 'Communion of St. Jerome', by Domenichino, and Titian's several portraits of Venetian nobles,—all of which have a certain excellence not commonly seen,—we enumerate more than would compensate for the mediocrity of others. But when, besides these, there are two, the designs at least of Michael Angelo, three Cartoons of Raffaelle, and others by masters of acknowledged superiority, we have pointed out sufficient to claim for this Collection the respectful notice of the cognoscenti.

The following is, we believe, a more accurate account of the pictures than is to be found in the catalogues or guide books.

Bust of General Guise, by Bacon.

An Emperor on horseback, by Giulio Romano.

The slaughter of the Innocents, and Herod on a throne, commanding it, by Borgognone. A sketch.

Our Saviour's resurrection. A head, by Fred. Zuccherino.

A cartoon, representing a holy family, the figures nearly as large as the life, by Andrea del Sarto.

On each side are figures at full length, by Parmegiano.

An half length of Diogenes, by Spagnuioletto.

The marriage of St. Catherine, by Paolo Veronese.

A portrait, less than half length, by Rembrandt.

St. Peter, about half length, larger than the life, by Caravaggio.

A Madona and Child, with St. John, by Paduanino.

St. Sebastian, a little more than half length, by Guido *.

A sketch, representing the general resurrection, by young Palma.

Diana and Actæon, by Nic. del Abbate. No. 8.

A Medusa's head, by Rubens †.

An half length of St. Catherine, smaller than the life, by Vettori Carpaccio.

* There is a portrait of Guido at Badminton, given to Henry Duke of Beaufort by Cardinal Alberoni, a duplicate of that painted by himself at Florence,—another in the Capitol,—with a high-crowned hat and a plain broad collar. See *Mus. Florent.*

† Once the Duke of Buckingham's: sold at Antwerp to Mr. Duart: the only Rubens in Oxford. It is a singularly excellent and curious picture, in its original oval frame.

A large head, by Pietro della Vecchia.
The heads of two Cherubs, by Domenichino.
Our Saviour praying on the mount, and his disciples asleep, by Bassau.
A portrait, more than half length, by Francesco Torbido.
A sketch of one of the ceilings painted in the Barberini palace at Rome, by
Pietro da Cortona. The rape of Europa, a coloured drawing.
Rape of the Sabines, by Andrea Mantegna.
A descent from the cross, by Correggio. Holy family, by Schidone.
Two sketches of Jupiter and Juno, by Giulio Romano.
A small head of a child, by Leonardo da Vinci.
Solomon and the queen of Sheba, in chiar'-oscuro, by Paolo Veronese.
A small head of a woman, by Leonardo da Vinci.
Apollo and Marsyas, Midas sitting in judgment, by Andrea Schiavone.
An Italian buffoon drinking, by Annibal Caracci.
The sketch of a capital picture preserved in a church at Venice. It repre-
sents the Virgin, with St. Peter and St. Francis, and a Venetian General
of the Pesaro family, who, returning victorious from a battle against the
Turks, offers the standard and trophies of his victory at the altar of the
Virgin. The Pesaro family is included in this picture, by Titian*.
Two sketches, representing Cybele and Neptune, Giulio Romano.
A small sketch of the circumcision, by Correggio.
An assembly of the Gods. A small picture, painted upon paper.
A small figure of Ceres.
Four portraits, with a book of music before them, from the Venetian school,
by Titian†.
The vision of Constantine. A copy from Raphael's picture in the Vatican,
by Giulio Romano.
The binding of the crown of thorns on the head of our Saviour. In the man-
ner of Guercino. A head, by Castiglione.
Two heads of St. Andrew and St. Paul, in one picture, by Andrea Sacchi.
Diana and her nymphs bathing, with the story of Actaeon.
A sketch. A head of Christ with the crown of thorns.
Cupid shaving his bow : a copy after Correggio ‡.
On each side, two figures at full length, by Parmegiano.
A woman with a dove, representing Simplicity, by Francesco Furino.
A dead Christ fore-shortened, by Ludovico Caracci.
Two heads in one picture, by Murillo.
A sketch of a man on horseback, by Vandyke.
Rebecca at the well, and Abraham's servant presenting her with bracelets,
by Guido. A head.

* This picture is in the church De Frari at Venice, and represents the Pesaro family with the Virgin, Saints Peter, Francis, and Antony. There are several of the Pesaro family, with the Bishop of Paphos, near whom is an armed man on foot, who holds an ensign of victory over the Turks.—*Della Pett. Venez. I. 2. p. 110. 4to. 1771.*

+ Query Titian's own family, as in the Barberini palace at Rome. A repetition.

† In the Orleans' collection by Parmegiano. The king has another copy.
The original in the Giustiniani palace at Rome.

The martyrdom of St. Erasmus, by N. Poussin. The sketch of a picture preserved in St. Peter's at Rome, in mosaic*. A head.

The figure of St. Catherine, with one hand upon the wheel, by Salviati.

A small Madona and Child.

A sketch, representing a Saint ready to suffer martyrdom, by Vandyke.

Our Saviour crowned with thorns. A holy family.

A Cleopatra. St. Peter, less than half length.

Our Saviour, not half length, by Titian.

A small landscape, by Francesco Mola.

A Bacchanalian piece, with Silenus. A sketch, by Salvator Rosa.

A drawing of Moses striking the rock, by Benvenuto Garofalo.

A Madona and Child, with St. John.

The portrait of a Woman, about half length.

A figure playing upon the violin. A portrait, by Titian †.

A small picture of Soldiers and Women.

The Good Samaritan, by Pisto Badalocchi.

A drawing. Rinaldo and Armida, a sketch.

Faith giving her sword to a General. The figures half length, as large as the life, by Pierino Del Vaga.

The brazen age : a sketch of the picture in the Pitti palace at Florence, by Pietro da Cortona.

A head of St. John, with a lamb, by Guercino.

A head of Diana, by Domenichino. A small sketch, by Ciro Ferri.

A small picture of Jupiter and Juno : from the school of Raphael.

A sketch, by Titian. Some philosophers with a globe, by old Palma.

A noli me tangere, by Pietro Perugino, Raphael's master.

A sketch, by Titian. St. John preaching in the desert, by Imola.

A landscape, into which is introduced the hunting of the hare, by Gobbo de' Caracci.

The marriage of St. Catherine. A copy from Correggio.

The iron age. A sketch of the picture in the Pitti palace at Florence, by Pietro da Cortona.

The transfiguration : a copy from Raphael.—In the Orleans' Collection.

A head, by Hans Holbein. A small sketch, by Ciro Ferri.

A landscape, by Gobbo de' Caracci.

A landscape, in which is introduced the murder of S. Pietro Martire, by Gobbo de' Caracci.

A representation of the inside of St. Peter's church.

A figure, representing the art of painting, by Spagnuoleto.

A holy family, by Titian.

Our Saviour tempted in the wilderness, from the school of Titian.

A copy of the Nativity, well known by the name of Correggio's Notte, by Carlo Cignani ‡.

A Madona and Child. A small head.

* The original is in the palace on the Monte Cavallo, very poorly coloured, though great in composition and design.

† Titian's own portrait in small—"Orleans."

‡ The original in the Ducal palace at Modena. The finest known picture for the chiar'-oscuro. That at Dresden is a repetition.

A Madona and Child, by Pordenone.
 Susannah tempted by the Elders, by Baroccio.
 A small picture, representing the ascension of the Virgin.
 A small figure of our Saviour.
 The assumption of the Virgin, seen by the Apostles, by Francesco Naldini *.
 The portrait of a cardinal bishop, about half length, larger than the life, by Spagnuioletto. A martyrdom, by Tintoretto.
 A father with his two sons praying, by Hans Holbein.
 The Sibyls, a drawing by Raphael.
 A small naked figure, by Parmegiano. A large nativity.
 A dying Magdalen, supported by cherubs, by Domenichino †.
 A sketch: the meeting of the Emperor Otho and St. Nilo, by Domenichino.
 Three heads, by Caracci.
 Three heads, from Correggio, over the north window. 1. A head, rather large. 2. Another, in an oval frame, by Titian. 3. Another.
 A large picture of the burning of Troy, by Bernard Van Orlay.
 The Nativity of our Saviour, with many figures, by Francesco Zuccarelli.
 A picture with several figures, representing Hercules and Omphale. From the Venetian school. A small landscape.
 Three other small sketches. Two heads, by Spagnuioletto.
 A nymph bathing, by Giuseppe d'Arpino.
 Hagar in the desert, by Mola.
 A large picture of the nativity, with many figures, by Bassano.
 Our Saviour with his two disciples at Emmaus, by Lazarini †.
 A sketch on each side of it, by Valerio Castelli.
 Three heads, cartoons by Raphael. The head of Vandyke.
 Henry the Eighth, by Hans Holbein. The head of a Madona.
 A landscape, by Mola.
 The marriage of St. Catherine, by Paolo Veronese.
 A small landscape, by Bamboccio. A sketch, by Castiglione.
 Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise by the Angel. Painted upon copper, by Giuseppe d'Arpino.
 The sacrifice of the Temple of Diana, by Pietro da Cortona.
 A Madona, after Correggio's manner, by Sebastian Ricci.
 A large picture, in which are the figures of St. John the Evangelist, St. Lucia, St. Humphrey, and St. Francis.
 A sketch of our Saviour driving the Money-changers out of the Temple, by Castiglione. A small landscape, by Bamboccio.
 The half length of a woman, with a glory round her head.
 A Madona and Child. A Woman's head.
 The judgment of Solomon, by Pasqualino Romano.
 A piece of architecture, by Viviani, with figures, by Sebastian Ricci.
 Diana and her nymphs bathing, with the story of Acteon, by Paolo Veronese.
 Our Saviour bearing his cross, by Francesco Vanni.
 A choir of Angels playing upon musical instruments.

* From Domenichino, in the church of S. Maria Frustevore at Rome.

† Almost comparable to the Martyrdom of St. Agnos at Bologna. Character of St. A. grief mixed with hope. Three attendant females are lovely.

‡ Copied from Titian at Venice, in the chapel of the College.

The sketch of a large picture in the church of St. Gregorio at Rome, by Guido*.
 A sketch of a boy's head, by Vandyke.
 A sketch of the destruction of a temple, by Domenichino.
 A head, by Hans Holbein.
 The bust of the late Bishop of Durham, by Bacon.
 The portrait of a woman, by Paris Bordon.
 Lot and his two daughters, by Caravaggio.
 The portrait of a woman, half length, by Titian.
 St. Peter and St. Paul, by Andrea Sacchi.
 Judith with Holofernes's head, by Salviati.
 St. John preaching in the wilderness, by Gobbo del Caracci.
 A head of St. John the Baptist, by Guido. A nativity.
 The flight into Egypt, by Lanfranco.
 Sophonisba. The figures as large as the life, by Domenichino †.
 The prodigal Son received by his father, by Guercino.
 Diana and her nymphs bathing, with the story of Actaeon, by Carlo Maratti.
 A Madona and Child sitting in the clouds, attended by Angels and Cherubs.
 Underneath is the prospect of the town of Bologna, by Annibal Caracci.
 Two boys with a dog and a goat. A small picture, by old Bassano.
 A small octagonal picture of our Saviour carried to the Sepulchre, painted
 on a black stone, by Alessandro Veronese.
 An holy family, small, by Schidone.
 A large picture of the general resurrection.
 St. Jerome receiving the Sacrament, (the large picture is in the Church of
 St. Gerolamo di Carità at Rome,) by Domenichino, copied by himself.
 A small nativity, by Pierino del Vaga.
 The laying of our Saviour in the sepulchre, by Schidone.
 A small picture of Tobias taking the fish, by Salvator Rosa.
 Judith with the head of Holofernes, by Prete Genovese.
 A nativity, after Correggio. A Madona and Child, by Correggio.
 A head. Cleopatra: a copy from Guido.
 A Venus, by Bronzino. A nativity.
 A large picture of the martyrdom of St. Laurence, by Tintoretto.
 A portrait, half length, holding a letter, by Spagnoletto.
 A youth playing on a guitar, with a boy behind listening, by Fernandez.
 A nativity, by Baldassare Peruzzi da Sienna.
 A dead Christ, by Agostino Caracci.
 Our Saviour in his youth, with a representation of his future sufferings, by
 Albani.
 St. Francis in a vision, supported by Angels, by Annibal Caracci.
 The portrait of Spagnoletto, by Tintoretto.
 St. Jerome, by Spagnoletto.
 A dead Christ, by old Palma,—young head behind.
 An Ecce Homo, by Baroccio.
 Apollo flaying Marsyas, by Andrea Sacchi.

* Query, Ann. Caracci. Subject, the Madona and St. Gregory.

† "The grief that does not speak

"Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break."—Shakespear.

A portrait of the Duke d'Alva, by Titian.
 Our Saviour with his two disciples at Emmaus, by Ludovico Caracci.
 A portrait of a Venetian nobleman, by Titian.
 The story of Erichthonius, by Salvator Rosa.
 A nativity, by Titian.
 The day of judgment, by Francesco Bassano.
 A nativity, by Raphael.
 A portrait of the first Prince of Orange, by Guido.
 A pilgrim, a little more than half length.
 A Madona, in his first manner, by Raphael. A Sudarium, by Titian.
 A portrait, by Fred. Zuccherino. A holy family, by Battista Bassano.
 A holy family, by Parmegiano. A holy family, by Titian.
 Our Saviour's last Supper with his Disciples, by Tintoretto.
 A Madona, after Raphael's manner.
 Our Saviour bearing his cross. The figures about half length, by Andrea Mantegna. A sketch.
 A landscape with figures, representing the country near Bologna, by Bolognese.
 St. Christopher, by M. Angelo Buonarotti*.
 A sketch of our Saviour carrying to the sepulchre. The Virgin supported by the three Maries, by Bassano.
 A Madona and Child, with St. John, by Andrea del Sarto.
 A small head, by Hans Holbein.
 Two Cupids, representing holy love conquering profane love, by Guido.
 A piece of architecture, with figures, by Ghisolfo.
 Two female figures, half length, by Mutiano.
 The family of the Caracci, represented in a butcher's shop, by Annibal Carracci †.
 The Virgin contemplating her child, by Primaticcio.
 St. Elizabeth, with St. John, when a child, musing upon a cross made of reeds, by Leonardo da Vinci.
 The infants Jesus and St. John embracing.

* Designed only by M. Angelo, whose outlines were frequently filled up by Sebastian del Piombo and Marcello Venusti. This, and the 'David and Goliath', are the greatest curiosities in the Collection,—bold even to rashness, as Du Fresnoy observes of him; the strength and swell of the muscular parts are of the Farnesian mould.

† The Caracci family (portrayed in a butcher's shop) was well known in Italy, and the epigram made upon it, which Elsam has translated. Annibale had painted it secretly, and one day exhibited it to the Cardinal Farnese, in order to mortify Augustino, who wished to conceal his low birth. The Museum Florent. confirms this story of the Caraccis having been butchers. Sketch of A. C. by himself, in the King's Collection published by Chamberlaine, with fac-similes of his drawings. fol. 1800. In the Mus. Florent. it is said of F. C. "Il padre suo era Macellajo." He painted himself there in a furred gown, picked beard, and of middle age. There is certainly a resemblance to this picture, as well as of that of Agostino, whose father was not a butcher but a tailor.

A small dead Christ, with several figures, by Albert Durer.
 Our Saviour's last supper with his Disciples, in chiar'-oscuro, by Innocenzo da Imola.
 A head, by Fred. Barocci. A small head of Cardinal Wolsey.
 A head of Francesco Mola, by himself.
 A large nativity, copied from old Palma.
 A descent from the cross. The large picture is in the church of Trinità de Monte at Rome, by Daniel da Volterra *.
 Our Saviour in the midst of several female figures. A temple in the background, by Andrea del Sarto.
 A Madona and Child, by Lionardo da Vinci.
 A mountebank on horseback, drawing a clown's tooth in the market-place, by M. Angelo della Battaglie.
 Rinaldo and Armida, a sketch.
 Men playing at bowls, by M. Angelo della Battaglie.
 Susannah and the Elders.
 A landscape, in which is represented Moses delivering from the Shepherds the daughters of Reuel, the priest of Midian, by Domenichino.
 Another landscape, in which are fishermen, and women washing linen, by Domenichino.
 A head, by Abraham Johnson.
 The portrait of St. Jerome praying, by Domenichino.
 A battle piece, by Borgognone.
 A Cupid drawn in a golden car, with two other Cupids playing about him, within a wreath of flowers, by Domenichino.
 Our Saviour crowned with thorns, about half length, by Bassano.
 David and Goliah. The figures fore-shortened, by M. Angelo Buonaroti.
 A Master and his Scholars, by Gerard Dou.
 Venus and Adonis, by Paolo Veronese.
 A holy family, by Annibal Caracci.
 A holy family. } Unknown.
 The burning of Troy. } Unknown.
 Jupiter and Leda, by Michael Angelo.
 A sleeping Venus, after Titian. } Not exhibited.
 Ariadne, half length.

* The design attributed to his master, M. Angelo; his work in the Niccolini Chapel, Florence, very excellent. Richardson objects to the nun standing on the ladder and drawing out the nail, and to the attitude of the Madonna. Poussin declared the three finest pictures in the world, to be Raphael's Transfiguration, the Communion of St. Jerome, and the Descent from the Cross of D. Volterra.

The designs of the two first of these would be found in the Niccolini Chapel, where the author has seen them, and the third in the Louvre. They are by far the best of all the works of the artist, and will all exceed those of the same author, which are now to be found in a number of designs set to music by the author, and a few others.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Engravings from the National Gallery.—No. II.

THE Second Part of this admirable work is decidedly an improvement upon the First. The following is the list of subjects :

No. 1. The Annunciation, painted by Claude, engraved by John Pye.
 2. Evening Composition, painted by Cuyp, engraved by Edward Goodall.
 3. View in Venice, painted by Canaletti, engraved by H. Le Keux.
 4. Portrait of Rubens, painted by Vandyke, engraved by John H. Robinson.

1. This is the most successful engraving we have ever seen from Claude. Mr. Pye has not only attended to the mechanical powers of his art, but, like Woollett and Sharp, endeavoured to preserve the style of handling or working of the painter. The freshness of atmospheric effect of the original is beautifully preserved in the engraving, as well also the lightness and fluttering of foliage and leaves. Mr. Pye is peculiarly gifted, we think, for this style of engraving, as his prints from the magical productions of our Turner would attest; he appears to delight in subjects where the aerial effect is fine, and where the painting is light and broad;—witness his 'Temple of Jupiter' after Turner.

2. The original of this has ever been a favourite with us, for it is a splendid example of the "unadorned" poetry of the genius of Cuyp: the warmth of sunshine diffuses itself over every part of the picture, and the breadth and harmony of the whole effect is as true as Nature herself; but these beauties, we are sorry to say, Mr. Goodall has not preserved in the present engraving. The figures on horseback, in the middle ground, which in the painting are of a reddish grey, in the engraving are much too dark, and consequently too prominent; the light dog to the left rivals the female figure in brightness, which "cuts up" the effect. This engraving may indeed please some individuals, but to the eye that is more skilled, and the mind which dwells with better taught delight on the productions of Cuyp, it presents nothing but a failure.

3. The name of Le Keux has long been associated with productions relating to buildings; but we do not recollect he has ever before engraved from a Canaletti, whose works comprehend a vast variety of forms, lines, and light and shade. In the present instance Le Keux has entered gloriously into the spirit of the original, and produced a very rich and sparkling production.

4. This is a magnificent engraving, in which the richness, depth, and breadth of Vandyke are most ably preserved : the head especially is very clever. The power and depth of the shadows we would also point out as astonishingly fine, and the lines of the faces ;—indeed the whole engraving may be considered actual painting on copper.

Finden's Landscape Illustrations to Lord Byron's Works.—Part IV.

This part is equal to any of the preceding in quality of composition and engraving, if it be not also in the interest of the subjects. The two vignettes, 'The Wengen Alps', and 'The Coliseum, from the Octo-Farnese', are exquisite ; and the other engravings equally deserve to appear by the side of the noble poet's imaginings. They are, 1. 'Cintra' by C. Stanfield ; 2. 'St. Sophia, from the Bosphorus', by D. Roberts ; 3. 'Mafra', D. Roberts ; 4. 'Castle of Chillon', by J. D. Harding ; and 5. 'Portrait of Ada'.

In the 'Castle of Chillon' we think the poetical feeling is lost by the introduction of the boats. They were no doubt introduced to aid the pictorial effect, but the tragic character of the poem required a corresponding tone should be given to the picture. The portrait 5. develops a strong likeness to the gifted parent ; and the line quoted falls in with beautiful effect,—

"Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart."

MISCELLANEA.

Royal Academy.—The following estimate was agreed to by the House of Commons on the 23rd July :—

An Estimate of the Sum which will be required in the year ending 31st March, 1833, for the erection of a National Gallery and Record-office.

£15,000, clear of fees and all other deductions.

The estimated expense of erecting the above building is . . . £50,000
The amount proposed to be taken for the present year is . . . 15,000

Leaving to be granted in future years £35,000

T. SPRING RICE.

Whitehall, Treasury-Chambers, July 17, 1832.

The proposed building will be 461 feet in length and 56 in width in its extreme dimensions, and will consist of a centre and two wings.

The western wing will contain, on the ground floor, rooms for the reception of records, and an entrance into the barrack-yard, such as now exists. Above them will be the Picture-gallery, divided into four rooms:—one 50 feet by 50 feet; two 50 feet by 38 feet each; and one room 50 feet by 32 feet; together with four cabinets for the reception of small pictures, or for the use of the keeper. The floors will be made fire-proof.

The eastern wing, of similar extent, will contain, on the ground-floor, a hall for casts, the library and council-room of the Royal Academy, and a dwelling for the keeper. There will be likewise a gateway or entrance corresponding to that leading into the Barrack-yard in the other wing.

In the basement below this wing there will be offices for the use of the Royal Academy, and a separate set attached to the dwelling-house of the keeper.

The centre building will consist of halls, vestibules, staircases, &c., for both establishments: they will be distinct and separate, but so brought together as to form one grand feature of interior decoration.

The building is proposed to be executed in stone. The central portico is to be constructed with the columns and other members of that which formerly decorated the Palace at Carlton-house.

The materials of the present building are to be used in the construction of the new building, so far as they can be employed with propriety.

The whole cost of the building will be 50,000*l.*, exclusive of the old materials above mentioned, which have been valued at 4,000*l.*

It is impossible to state with any degree of accuracy the cost of the grates, air-stoves, and fittings of the buildings, which will mainly depend upon the mode to be adopted in warming them; but it may be confidently stated that it will not exceed 600*l.*

The Annual Dinner took place in the rooms of the Royal Academy on the 24th. The President, in proposing the health of His Majesty, adverted to the grant which had been agreed to by the House of Commons, as above mentioned, for the affording more suitable apartments for the Academy: he observed, it was an event which would form a new epoch in the history of art, and entitle the monarch under whose auspices it occurred, and the minister whose enlightened mind had perceived the advantage of such institutions, to the eternal gratitude of all who felt interest in their pursuits.

On the health of Mr. Wilkins, the architect of the new building, being proposed, that gentleman entered into an explanation of the circumstances which induced him to submit a proposition to the directors of the National Gallery for the erection, on the vacant ground at Charing Cross, of buildings suited to the purposes both of the Royal Academy and the National Gallery. The directors having approved of the plan, it was submitted to Earl Grey, and that minister, notwithstanding the pressure of public business, immediately consented to the appointment of a committee to act upon the recommendation. The result we stated in our last; and, as we then added, has been brought before the House of Commons, and received the assent of all parties. We trust that the same enlightened and liberal conduct will be pursued, and that the learned and excellent architect will be allowed to follow the suggestions of his own classical taste, without being subjected to the overruling influence of any irresponsible committee.

The receipts this season, we regret to learn, are less than in the preceding years. Another vacancy has occurred in the list of associates, by the death of Mr. Theophilus Clarke.

The Artist's Institution, for the study of living models, is now removed from Ship Place, Temple Bar, to Sutton Street, Soho; and from the improved situation, so many have come forward, that the size of the room is unable to contain as many as would wish to partake of its advantages. The late Society at Temple Bar being so badly supported, it was thought that this room in Soho Square, which is smaller, would be adequate to the number of the members, as well as to the expenses, which are at as low a rate as possible. Those who originally undertook the Academy having been considerable losers, they determined to proceed upon a more secure system, and have left their casts, with which the room was furnished at their own expense, until this Society should procure a room qualified to contain them, and capable of being more generally and extensively beneficial to the Arts. It seems now merely to want additional and continued support, to enable it to become established as a useful and important Institution.

Necrology.—On the Continent the month of April proved fatal to several artists, two of whom, Augustin and Lagrenée, were victims to the cholera. The first of these was celebrated in France for the excellence of his enamels and miniatures, which were remarkable for accuracy of likeness, and for the beauty of their colouring and their exquisite finish. Among his sitters were many personages of the highest rank and cele-

brity,—the Empress Josephine, the Countess de St. Leu, Denon, &c. For a year or two previous to his decease he had been in such an ill-state of health, as to be obliged to renounce his pencil. He died at Paris, on the 15th of April, at the age of seventy-three. Anthelme Lagrenée, who died two days subsequently, only twenty-four hours after he had been first attacked by the epidemic, was the son of Louis Lagrenée, the founder of the Academy of the Fine Arts at St. Petersburg, and Director of the French Academy at Rome. Anthelme maintained the reputation his father and other members of his family had acquired as artists, and distinguished himself as an historical painter. He was particularly successful in his figures of horses: of his skill in this respect, the subjects illustrative of Russian history and manners, which he painted during his residence at St. Petersburg, afford incontestable evidence. Several of these were exhibited at the last *Exposition* at Paris; and he was employed upon several similar pieces for the present one, when he was seized with the disease which terminated so fatally, and carried him off in the 54th year of his age. On the 18th of the same month Adam Eberle, a pupil of the celebrated Cornelius, and a young artist of more than ordinary promise, died at Rome of fever. He was born at Aix-la-Chapelle, March 26th, 1805; and was originally apprenticed to a working cutler, but feeling an irresistible inclination for painting, he prevailed upon his father to place him in the Academy at Dusseldorf. It was here that he first attracted the notice of Cornelius, who was appointed Director of that institution shortly after Eberle entered it. His first work of any consequence was an 'Entombment of Christ',—a production manifesting great depth of mind and genuine feeling for Art. Under the able instruction of Cornelius his talents daily developed themselves; and when the latter was appointed Director of the Academy at Munich in 1825, his pupil followed him thither. He now applied himself to the study of fresco-painting, and was afterwards employed to paint the ceiling of the new *Odeum* in that city. He also executed one of the large frescoes in the arcades of the palace gardens, the subject of which is 'Maximilian's Investiture with the Dignity of Elector'. So far, however, was he with being satisfied with this work of his pencil, that from this time a secret discontent seemed to prey upon his mind; nor was his melancholy at all diverted by his journey to Rome, which he undertook in the autumn of 1829. He continued his studies there, but with so little self-approbation, that he often destroyed what it had cost him several weeks to produce. He made cartoons, however, for the ceilings of one of the apartments in the Munich *Pinacotheca*. Cornelius had urged him to undertake to decorate a saloon in the new palace at

Münich with a series of compositions from Schiller's poems; but in his then state of mind he felt unequal to the task. He was preparing to return home when he was seized with the malady that, after six weeks of suffering, carried him to a premature grave; and on Good Friday he was interred in the Protestant burying-ground near the Pyramid of Cestius. On the 23rd of April died also at Rome, the historical painter Lethière, formerly Director of the French Academy there, aged seventy-one. And on the 26th died at Paris, at the age of eighty-six, the sculptor François Nicholas Deluistre. His principal work was a statue of Phocion, in the Museum at Bourdeaux, of which there is a cast in the Chamber of Peers at Paris. He likewise executed the group of Cupid and Psyche, which is in the Museum of the Luxembourg.

British Museum.—The Elgin Marbles are at length in an apartment worthy of them. A simple but noble gallery having been built for the purpose by Sir Robert Smirke, they have been carefully removed to it from the dismal dungeon in which they were for so many years immured; and the exhibition of them is now open to the public, and will continue so on the usual days (Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays), on which that portion of the British Museum may be gratuitously seen by all who choose to visit it. We have heard it objected to this new gallery, that the light is too generally diffused; but we own that we do not think so. It would have been exceedingly easy to have produced a concentrated effect, which, on entering the room, might have been very striking and picturesque; but, in our opinion, if the architect had attempted anything of that kind, he would, to use the proverbial phrase, "have sacrificed the substance to the *shadow*." It should be recollect ed, that the essential quality of these (as indeed of all) marbles is form; and that their beauty of form is such, that every means ought to be afforded of tracing it even in its faintest indications: it should be also recollect ed, that there is not one of them which will not amply repay the minutest examination; and, consequently, that there is not one of them which ought to be rendered subordinate to the rest by throwing it into comparative obscurity. We may just observe, that some of our old friends appear to have new faces; but we are persuaded that this is entirely owing to a little gentle brushing, and that the directors of the British Museum have too much good taste to permit such a desecration as the slightest removal of actual surface.

A very interesting, although we presume a temporary, feature in the rich and varied show which the British Museum at this period presents, is the admirable collection of architectural casts from the capitals, friezes,

&c. of the finest edifices of antiquity, formerly in the possession of Mr. Saunders, and purchased from that gentleman by Sir Thomas Lawrence for 500*l.*; and which Sir Thomas, in his will, directed should be offered to the president and council of the Royal Academy for half that sum. The offer was accepted; we imagine, therefore, that the collection has been merely deposited in the British Museum by the Royal Academicians until they shall be in possession of a building in which it may be advantageously displayed. To the young architect it will furnish as beneficial a school as the Antique Academy furnishes to the young historical painter *.

Chantrey's beautiful statue of Sir Joseph Banks has, within these few days, been placed in the hall of the British Museum. Its breadth, repose, and simplicity, contrast curiously with the flutter, affectation, and excessive attention to detail, in Roubiliac's celebrated statue of Shakespeare. The former really thinks; the latter only appears to think. Do not let us be supposed, however, to underrate Roubiliac: he was a sculptor of great individual ability; his defects were those of his national character.

* By the by, we understand that much dissatisfaction has lately been created by the rejection, on the part of the president and council of the Royal Academy, of the claims of a number of young aspirants in art, who had, in the usual manner, sent in drawings from the antique, for the purpose of being admitted as probationers in the Academy; and this dissatisfaction has been greatly increased by a rumour, that the drawings of some of the few candidates who have been admitted were of a very inferior description. Now, we have too frequently witnessed the warping effects of disappointment on the mind not to listen to such statements *cum grano salis*: but we can truly say, that we have seen one of the unsuccessful drawings, and that in our humble opinion it possesses merit and promise abundantly sufficient to entitle the youth by whom it was executed to admission, not only as a probationer, but as a student; and we have reason to believe that several of the unsuccessful drawings by other hands were of equal pretensions. Perhaps there are already as many students in the Royal Academy as can be conveniently accommodated; or perhaps the Royal Academicians, contemplating with pain the present state and prospects of the Arts in this country, think it benevolent, in the words of Fuseli, "to deter rather than to delude." We would willingly attribute their conduct to any but partial, unjust, or capricious motives.—*Literary Gazette.*

The casts were presented to the British Museum by the Royal Academy, but we trust will be returned when the Academy shall have appropriate room for their reception. See *ante* Vol. III. page 373.



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E. Scriven sculp^t

R. Cosway

Library of the Fine Arts, 1839.

